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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Quemoy: Fulcrum for a Lever

JAMES BURNHAM

Why They Flout the UN in the Middle East

W. J. GRANBERG

The Price of Soviet Trade

R. F. O'TOOLE

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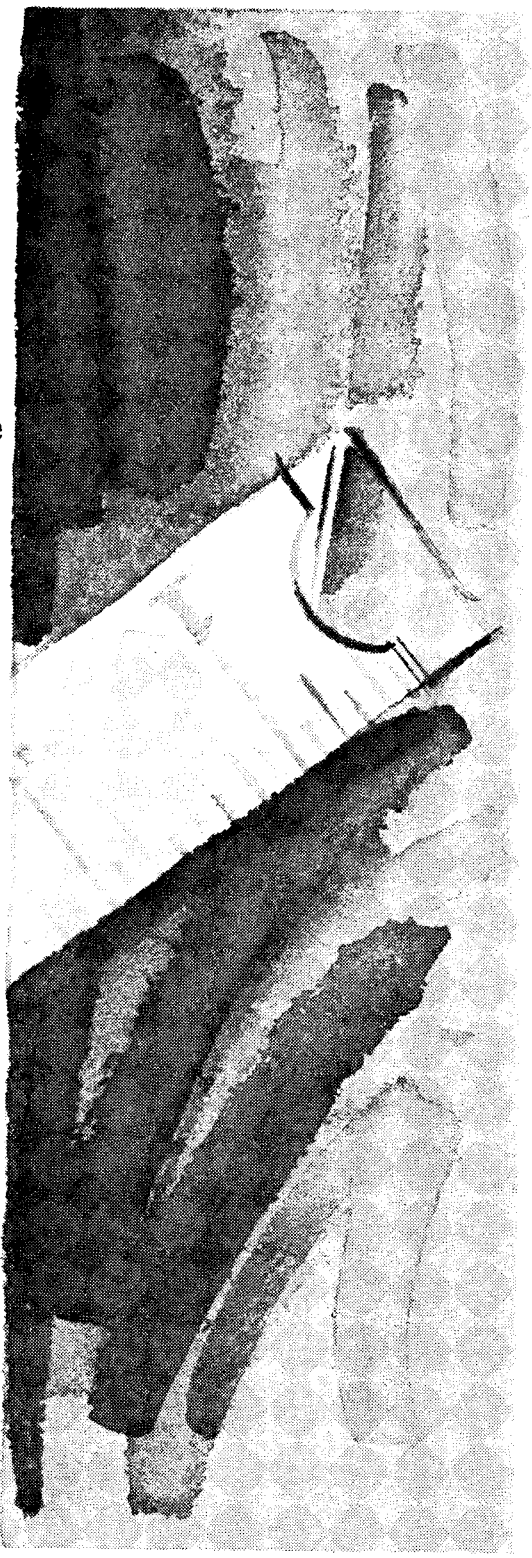

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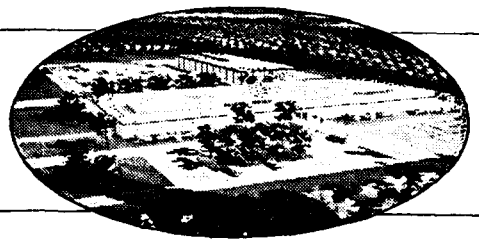

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we feature a report by **James Burnham** from the Far East. Mr. Burnham has just spent a week in Taiwan, and a day in Quemoy—a lost day, one would suppose, from his description of Quemoy's hospitality; but there is the column, to show what he has shown so often before: that there is no traveler who combines in better measure the powers of observation, understanding, and communication, all at the service of a great strategic intelligence. Mr. Burnham concludes that the spirit of Free China may yet liberate the mainland. . . . Mr. **W. F. Granberg,** who writes for us for the first time, is a free lance journalist who lives in Seattle. Recently he returned from a two-year stretch in the Middle East. He writes about existing and past relations between the nations of the Middle East and the United Nations, and shows the preposterous tangle, whence derives the contempt in which the UN is held throughout the Middle East (and they call it an underdeveloped area!) . . . **R. F. O'Toole** used to write for Mencken's *Mercury.* He has spent much of his career working in banking and financing all over Latin America. He was with the State Department for a dozen years up until his retirement in 1953. He does for this issue what so much needs doing: a factual analysis, covering the past and present, of the net meaning of economic trade with the Soviet Union. . . . And our irrepressible friend **W. H. von Dreele,** an enthusiastic amateur botanist whose work is widely published in learned botanical journals, lets go with a fable which will not, we warrant, be put by the President's bedside to induce sweet dreams.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** comments on the effect upon the Harvard campus of a single very conservative and very influential conservative who is also, *mirabile dictu,* president of the Harvard Student Council. . . . In the crucial days immediately ahead, when the federal aid to education measure will be passed or defeated by the House, **Russell Kirk** fires the final demolition charge against the elaborate but flimsy arguments of the collectivists: our so-called classroom shortage.

➔ **Stan Evans** reviews two essays by Professor Colin Clark of Oxford on the growing expertise in growthmanship. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** writes, on P. G. Wodehouse's eightieth birthday, of the abiding pleasures of reading the master. . . . **Philip Burnham** reviews a controversial and exciting volume by Robert Fitch that aims at, and hits, some of our age's most cherished and pompous superstitions. . . . **William Rusher** thanks the Overstreets a lot for their latest volume on Communism, but reminds them we have been there before, years ago. As a primer, however, it is first rate. . . . **Peter Crumpet** writes evocatively about a trip through the Ice Age caves; a breath-taking account of breath-taking artistic accomplishments. ➔

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The WEEK

● Having looked and looked and looked for the New Frontier, we finally spotted it last week when the negotiators foregathered in Geneva to seal the fate of Laos. It's 500 miles closer to us than the Old Frontier.

● The federal education bill now stands before Congress for action. The debate is over. The Senate will have approved the measure. The House of Representatives might yet—still could—reject it. There has been a considerable national debate on the subject over the past months, during which those who plead the fiscal necessity for federal action have conscientiously avoided meeting the great and devastating display of statistical counter-arguments, most of them put together by Mr. Roger Freeman in the course of his prodigious inquiry into the subject. The philosophical and political arguments against the centralization of education are a part of our heritage; we know prescriptively the case against the collectivization of the social power. How, now, will our elected representatives act? Let us hope with courage and clarity and with the zest that goes with voting for freedom, and against omnipotent government.

● Texas Liberals, angered at having to choose between a conservative Republican and a too-conservative Democrat in the special senatorial election, are distributing advertisements warning: "Don't Be Half Safe! In the Senate Run-Off Write In: Louis Capet." There follows a picture of Louis XIV in an oval French frame, with his qualifications for office, among them: "Sixty Years' Experience; Anti-Labor; Safe, Cautious, He'll Stay Put; Dead Three Centuries. (Adv. Paid by Louis XIV Memorial Society, Versailles)"—who, incidentally, was *not* the Louis they called Capet.

● The House Ways and Means Committee will hold hearings soon on the King Bill (HR 4222), which would place hospitalization and nursing care under the social security system. The bill is opposed by the American Medical Association and 34 other national organizations, among them the American Farm Bureau Federation, the American Bar Association and the American Hospital Association. Dr. Ernest B. Howard, an AMA spokesman, comments "it is inconceivable why anyone would propose another medical care program before the Kerr-Mills Medical Aid for the Aged Law, passed by Congress last year with strong support from the AMA, is given a fair trial." That law, he says, although it has been in effect less than eight months, has met with a favorable response in 39 states. The AMA contends that the King Bill would not only endanger the quality of medical care for the aged, but, by tying itself to social security cases, would deny medical care to those who need it most.

● Resting its decision on what Justice Frankfurter called, in his dissent, "an unsubstantiated assertion that any tie between duPont and General Motors gravely jeopardizes the play of competitive forces," the Supreme Court has ruled that duPont must get rid of its 23 per cent ownership of GM stock. The Court would have nothing of the various suggestions for restricting or removing the voting rights of the GM shares held by duPont interests. It was enough to assume that the existence of power proves the abuse of power. The Supreme Court has enunciated a new principle of jurisprudence, one that may lead to jolly arguments if applied, let us say, to labor union monopolies, federal aid to local schools, federal intervention in urban affairs, the relations between Congress and the executive and judiciary, and Fifth Amendment patriots. How about it, gentlemen? Got any sauce for the gander?

● A fortnight after President de Gaulle crushed the Generals' Revolt and initiated a far-reaching purge of right-wing elements in the Army and government, a half million French civil servants went out on a 24-hour strike, demanding immediate wage increases. De Gaulle reacted swiftly and angrily. He warned that he would draft government workers if they should stage another walkout, as they have threatened to do on June 6. This drastic step, which has upon extremely rare occasions been used by French governments to halt crippling strikes, threatens to alienate the working classes whose support de Gaulle has courted in recent months. But he has little choice. Having over the past three years all but destroyed the forces that brought him to power, de Gaulle is at the mercy of the Left. And the Left, spearheaded by the powerful Communist CGT labor union, is choosing this way to show de Gaulle who is the master of France. Who *is* the master of France? We shall have a clearer idea on June 7.

● On May 21 the Congolese government threatened to disregard its agreements with the United Nations if Rajeshwar Dayal were sent back to the Congo as Dag Hammarskjold's agent. Two days later there were reports that the acting head of the UN in the Congo had visited the Kasavubu forces to promise that Dayal would be kept on a short leash, elsewhere.

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Dayal is the man who supported the pro-Communist Gizenga regime, sent Gurkhas against the pro-Western Tshombe regime in Katanga, and generally conducted himself as a completely partisan mouthpiece for the Communist bloc. The UN, at our press time, was still denying everything—a good sign, no? And if the great and powerful Congo succeeds in defending its position against the UN, is there reason to hope that the weaker nations, like ourselves, will be similarly inspired?

● Last week a hundred of the world's "finest minds" gathered, with bodies attached, at Corning, New York, under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Corning Glass Works Foundation, to discuss, in committees of twenty fine minds each, "The Individual in Modern Society." In such circumstances the defenseless individual is usually swamped in a tide of committee-prose that leaves behind it such jetsam as an urgent call for a massive effort of the central government to emancipate the individual; or a ringing appeal for all individuals to unite to defend their individuality; or a plangent denunciation of the de-individualizing societal infrastructures of corporate-military managerial conspiracies. But no. The gentlemen found enjoyment and stimulation. A few of them had personal messages to publish afterward. After two days they went back to their work. That's an intellectual achievement worthy of the sedulous emulation of the Harvard petition-signers.

● John Davis Lodge, be it known, did a superb job while serving as ambassador to Spain during six years. He cultivated and earned the respect and faith of the Spanish people. He learned to speak the Spanish language with a truly startling fluency, exposing the superficiality of the common assumption that, as distinguished from career officers, political appointees, *eo ipso*, are incapable of learning foreign languages. And he hewed hard to the dominant theme of U.S.-Spanish relations, namely that the axis of our common interest is our common opposition to the threat from the East, before which internal differences and animosities are subsumed. In his farewell address, on leaving Madrid last month, Ambassador Lodge urgently recommended the admission of Spain into NATO. If there are medals for loyal, intelligent and industrious work in behalf of our country, Mr. Lodge should have one.

● *L'Auto Journal*, a French publication, claims the Soviets are not using million-pound boosters on their rockets at all—merely a clever launching technique. The story, which is gaining publicity in the European press, is that the Russians have built a 13-mile-long rocket sled in the Altai Mountains of Mongolia. The sled, carrying a big rocket, but no larger than the Atlas, begins the 13-mile run on a downhill slope of 400 feet, accelerating to 375 mph under electric power. A booster rocket cuts in on the level stretch and accelerates the huge rocket for the last, uphill part of the track. When the missile leaves the sled, it is traveling at 1,900 mph, 6,000 feet up and at an angle of 45 degrees. (By contrast, the booster for an Atlas has to lift the whole weight of the system straight up off the ground. The Atlas booster thus burns out only 40 miles up, with the rocket traveling a little under 2,000 mph, the same speed the Russian booster would have on leaving the sled, but at a height of only 6,000 feet.) The journal points out that all Russian satellites and alleged space flights have been launched at the identical angle to the equator. The editors conclude that the Russian space booster is their intercontinental T-3A missile, a 90-footer, tested over ranges of 70,000 miles in the Pacific.

● A fund has been started to provide for the education of the five American-born children of Povl Bang-Jensen, the UN employee who died mysteriously eighteen months ago following his dismissal from the UN by Dag Hammarskjold. Bang-Jensen had refused to divulge the names of Hungarian Freedom Fighters entrusted to him during the investigation of the 1956 Hungarian rebellion. His death a year ago November was termed a suicide by New York police, but there were several unanswered questions surrounding the case. With only limited publicity given thus far to the fund appeal, the response has already been encouraging. Inquiries should be addressed to the Bang-Jensen Memorial Fund, Box 3206, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

● The conspiracy theory of history is the talk of the town these days, having, since the publicity given to Robert Welch, replaced the ghost story at Liberal campfires. Let us avoid the conspiratorial explanation for otherwise explainable events. The time, then, surely has come for those Liberals so much disturbed by that sort of thing, formally and unambiguously to reject the notion, received so solemnly by so many of them during the past few years, that the trial and conviction of Alger Hiss was the result of a vast conspiracy comprehending the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the FBI, the Justice Department, and the Courts, what?

● NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK: (*From the* Worker *report on Mrs. Seth Milliken's right-wing Public Action group:*) "Young debutantes come giddily to do 'charity work' daintily holding cocktails in one hand, and stuffing envelopes with hate literature with the other."

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Let Us Try, at Least, to Understand

Right thought calls for despising those instincts in man that lead him to resort to unnecessary violence. And for despising, too, those who cynically, and even clinically, set out to provoke violence, for any unnecessary reason.

A year ago Lincoln Rockwell, the demented American Nazi who makes it a point to go wherever he is wanted least, came to New York to stage a meeting at a downtown park deep within a predominately Jewish section of New York. Mayor Wagner denied him the use of the park, on the grounds that to do so would be to risk disturbing the peace. Maybe Wagner was right, maybe he wasn't. The very next day after being turned down, Rockwell appeared at a hearing, to plead his constitutional right to the facilities of the park. There he was greeted by a mob of Jews who hurled insults at him. Some lunged at him, and were kept from Rockwell's throat only by a cordon of policemen. Are we "against" the Jews whose pressure kept Rockwell from exercising his constitutional right to speak, and who would, if given the chance, have beat him bloody? Of course. Are we against Rockwell? Of course. Are we then against everybody? Yes. There are times when one is against everybody.

There is a difference, it is argued, between what the Freedom Riders went down to Alabama to fight for, and what Rockwell went to New York to fight for. Granted; and we would hardly, in a conservative journal, oppose those who say distinctions can be made between good and bad thoughts: some men are wrong, some right and the open-society argument that you can't tell which is which and therefore must equally tolerate all is *their* argument, not ours. Yet the point is here irrelevant that Jim Crow at the bus stations strikes us as unnecessary, and even wrong. It does not strike the average white Southerner as wrong, nor does experience argue that the average white Southerner should be reasonable in making this one concession. As Professor Richard Weaver has written in NATIONAL REVIEW, what the North is asking the South to do is to abandon its regime, the cluster of traditions and conventions and adjustments that make up a way of life that is different from our own. The South views the attack on Jim Crow as merely one proposition in a soritical series whose necessary end is the abandonment, to a strange and cosmopolitan government lodged in the remote eastern capital of Washington, of the right to determine the shape, and the quality, of Southern life. Never mind that we (whose Jim Crowism is more sophisticated) disagree with, or disapprove of that regime, or of that part of it that requires the social separation of the races. That is what *they* feel, and *they* feel that *their* life is for *them* to structure; that the Negro has grown up under generally benevolent circumstances, considering where he started and how far he had to go; that he is making progress; that the coexistence of that progress and the Southern way of life demand, for the time being, separation. A conspicuous, theatrical, cinemascopic bus ride into the heart of things to challenge with language of unconditional surrender this deeply felt belief was met, inevitably, by a spastic response. By violence.

Let us at least attempt to understand.

Inquest

The Taylor Committee has completed its inquiry. And things are now pretty much as they were on April 16th, the day before Cuban patriots landed at Cochinos Bay, bent on liberating their country, confident that in that essential enterprise the Colossus of the North was behind them.

In the exchange of recriminations, the salient cause of the failure has been obscured. The failure of the exiles to overthrow Castro is not the fault of the Joint Chiefs, not the fault of Allen Dulles, nor the fault of the invading exiles. The invasion of Cochinos Bay did not presuppose a mass uprising of the cowed Cuban population against a bristling militia backed up by a highly mechanized army; but rather the maintenance of a protective air umbrella over the small invading force. The last-minute decision to deny the patriots this basic component shattered the entire project. A genuine beachhead—to have been followed by a landing of the Provisional Government on freed territory, diplomatic recognition by the U.S. and other anti-Communist governments, and immediate logistical and military support to the invaders—was not inconceivable. The negative decision, obviously, was made by President Kennedy. It is not so widely known that it was made after the first column of troops had actually set foot on Cuban soil; made, that is, after the patriots had gone beyond the point of no return. That their ammunition, medical supplies, and communications equipment were destroyed by air bombardment a few hours later should hardly be viewed with surprise. The White House could not have been surprised except insofar as one is surprised by the necessary consequences of one's own acts. General Taylor's committee will hardly stress this point in its report to the Commander-in-Chief.

On the other side of the globe Vice President Johnson consults with Chiang "regarding measures to halt Communist expansion in Asia" (does anybody suggest *fighting*, as "a measure" to halt Communist expansion in Asia?) and tells Premier Diem of Vietnam

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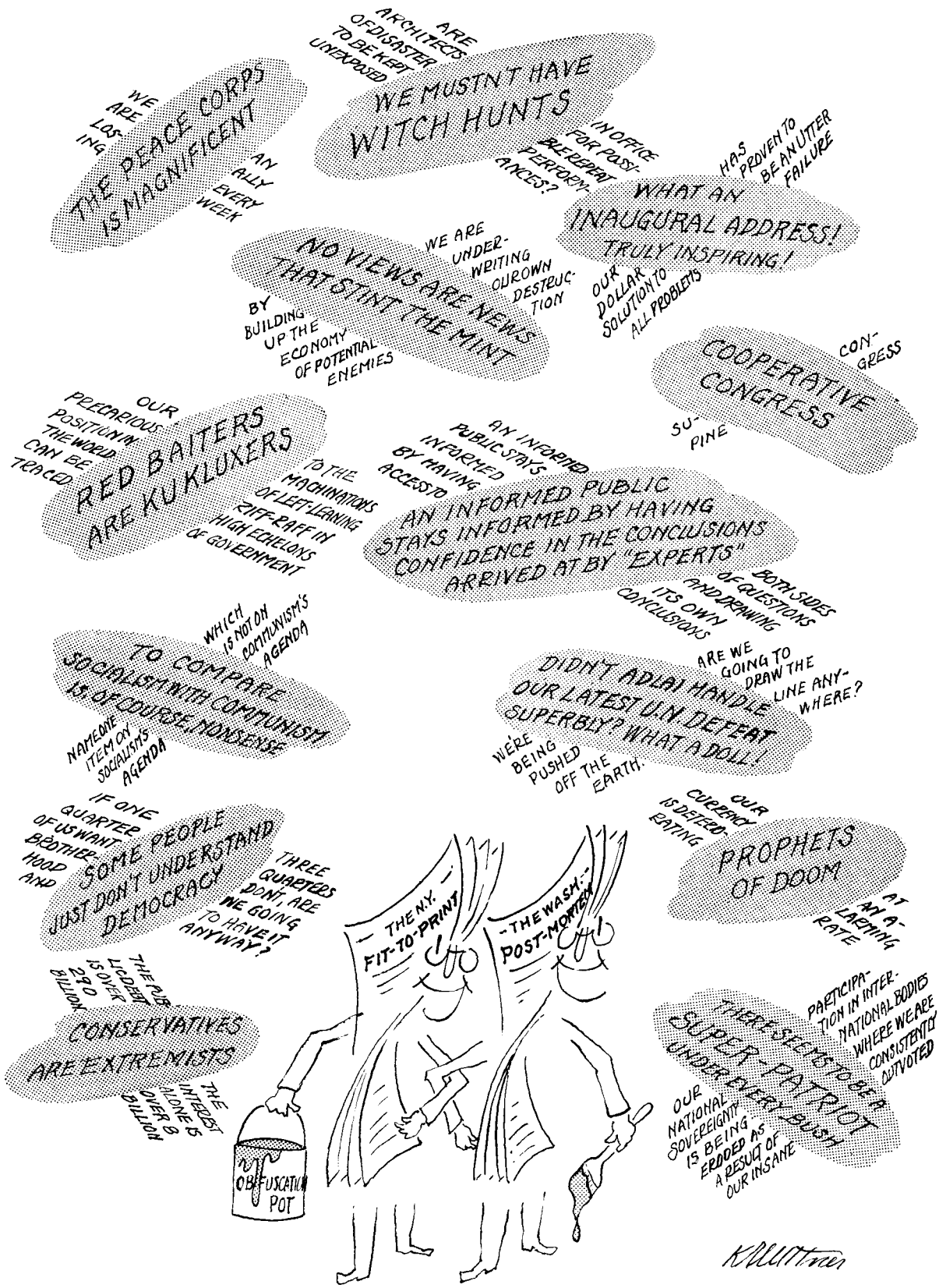
WE MUSTN'T HAVE WITCH HUNTS
ARE ARCHITECTS OF DISASTER TO BE KEPT UNEXPOSED
IN OFFICE FOR POST-ELECTION PERFORMANCES?
THE PEACE CORPS IS MAGNIFICENT
WE ARE LOSING AN ALLY EVERY WEEK
WHAT AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS! TRULY INSPIRING!
HAS PROVEN TO BE A UTTER FAILURE
NO VIEWS ARE NEWS THAT STINT THE MINT
WE ARE UNDERWRITING OUR OWN DESTRUCTION BY BUILDING UP THE ECONOMY OF POTENTIAL ENEMIES
OUR DOLLAR SOLUTION TO ALL PROBLEMS
COOPERATIVE CONGRESS
CONGRESS SUPINE
OUR PRECARIOUS POSITION IN THE WORLD CAN BE TRACED TO THE MACHINATIONS OF LEFT-LEANING RIFF-RAFF IN HIGH ECHELONS OF GOVERNMENT
RED BAITERS ARE KUKLUXERS
AN INFORMED PUBLIC STAYS INFORMED BY HAVING ACCESS TO BOTH SIDES OF QUESTIONS AND DRAWING ITS OWN CONCLUSIONS
AN INFORMED PUBLIC STAYS INFORMED BY HAVING CONFIDENCE IN THE CONCLUSIONS ARRIVED AT BY "EXPERTS"
TO COMPARE SOCIALISM WITH COMMUNISM IS OF COURSE NONSENSE
WHICH IS NOT ON COMMUNISM'S AGENDA
NAIMEONE ITEM ON SOCIALISM'S AGENDA
DIDN'T ADLAI HANDLE OUR LATEST U.N. DEFEAT SUPERBLY? WHAT A DOLL!
ARE WE GOING TO DRAW THE LINE ANYWHERE?
WE'RE BEING PUSHED OFF THE EARTH.
IF ONE QUARTER OF US WANT SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND DEMOCRACY
THREE QUARTERS DON'T, ARE WE GOING TO HAVE IT ANYWAY?
OUR CURRENCY IS DETERIORATING
PROPHETS OF DOOM
AT AN ALARMING RATE
THE NY. FIT-TO-PRINT
THE WASH.-POST-MORTEM
OBFUSCATION POT
THE PUBLIC DEBT IS OVER 290 BILLION
CONSERVATIVES ARE EXTREMISTS
THE INTEREST ALONE IS OVER 8 BILLION
THERE SEEMS TO BE A SUPER-PATRIOT UNDER EVERY BUSH
PARTICIPATION IN INTERNATIONAL BODIES WHERE WE ARE CONSISTENTLY OUTVOTED
OUR NATIONAL SOVEREIGNTY IS BEING ERODED AS A RESULT OF OUR INSANE
KRAUTER

"We're dedicated to the proposition that what you don't know won't hurt you, and we're very influential. We spend our time obscuring issues in order to persuade bird-brains that socialistic defeatism isn't the Number One Soviet objective in this country. In this way we can sue you if you say we're Communistic!"

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that this country will stand by those nations that desire to ward off the Communist yoke.

Uh huh. We had a chance in Cochinos Bay last April 17th. But that was long ago, in another country, and besides, the wench is dead.

How Much for 200,000?

When Eleanor Roosevelt, Milton Eisenhower and Walter Reuther form a committee for anything, it's news. But when they join hands to raise a million and a half dollars to buy tractors and bulldozers in order to ransom the 1,241 prisoners taken by Castro in the April invasion attempt, it's almost too much news.

Mr. Leo Cherne, chairman of the International Rescue Committee, which for many months has been concerned with the Cuban refugee problem, explains some of the difficulties raised by the ransom deal.

The most obvious is that the transaction itself requires delicacy—lest Castro be tempted to hike the price—and also requires the type of cold-steel negotiators who will give Castro pause before he thinks of making a business out of international blackmail. Second, although it is never a good practice for private citizens to deal with the likes of Castro, we must recognize our responsibility to the 1,241 Cubans whom we encouraged to take a drastic step.

Third, the ransom deal must not be allowed to overshadow our continuing responsibility to the more than 100,000 Cuban refugees in this country, of whom 26,000 in Miami alone are registered on the public relief rolls; of whom 10,000 destitutes depend on Mr. Cherne's organization; of whom 250 are the widows and orphans of men who fell at Cochinos Bay.

Finally, Castro's maneuver should inspire us to mount a counter-proposal throughout the entire hemisphere, a proposal in which every Latin American nation should be glad to join: that we set up a lasting clamor for amnesty for the 200,000 (TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND) Cubans whom Castro has swept into jail in the aftermath of the April 17 invasion.

No Enemy to the Left

American handling of the newest South Korean *coup d'état* was almost too inept to believe. Why was it necessary for our spokesmen to say anything at all? The military junta was not proposing an anti-Western, pro-Communist shift in Korean policy—quite the contrary, indeed. And if something was to be said, how incredibly stupid to declare for the losing side!

This latest ineptitude cannot be dismissed as an isolated gaffe. It is a typical event in a series that now extends long enough to have revealed itself as settled U.S. policy.

There is, first, the ineptitude itself, the sheer awkwardness. In that respect, the South Korean clumsiness takes its place alongside the flip-flops of the U-2 aftermath and the tragic absurdities in practice and talk of the Bay of Pigs adventure.

Second, this Korean flap illustrates the growing tendency of our government to stick its nose into the domestic affairs of other nations even when, and it almost seems especially when, the national interest of the United States is not directly involved. Our motivation is invariably some sort of ideological or moral compulsion within the broad *genus* of Do Goodism—that chronic psychosis of the Liberal Mind. We thrust that snoopy nose of ours into the tragic and infinitely complex matter of apartheid in South Africa, the fearful and delicate problem of French Algeria, the tangled relations between Angola and Portugal, the political regime in the Dominican Republic, the intricate institutions through which such nations as Thailand and Vietnam manage somehow to keep going. Surely, some things are none of our business? When the generals made their ill-starred coup in Algeria, why did our government have to say anything at all? We may be sure that de Gaulle, the recipient of our unasked-for advice, approval and support, felt nothing but annoyance at what must have seemed a condescending pat on the back.

We would do well to realize that in many of these incidents, Americans—and outsiders generally—just don't know enough to have an intelligent opinion. The way things operate in the United States is just not an adequate guide to the way they operate in each and every other country in the world.

But our awkwardness and snoopiness in international conduct are less crucial than the political weighting which the entire series displays. Always our intervention is against the Right, and in favor of the Left. We have not carried out a firm and vigorous action against the Left since the anti-Arbenz operation in Guatemala. In the name of abstractions about democracy, equal justice, anti-corruption, racial equality, anti-colonialism or what not, we throw our influence against the men, forces and institutions that are, relative to the given local context, toward the Right: we encourage and support those men, forces, and institutions that are, relatively, toward the Left. The defects of the Right in our age are sufficiently notorious, and in many specific cases one must for one's own safety try to cut loose from it. But it is also a plain and demonstrated fact of our age that—in the international conflict that determines the nature of our time and will decide the question of our own nation's survival—the Left cannot stand firm against either the threats or the seductions of the Communist enterprise.

Chester Bowles wants us to ride with the Revolution of Our Times. What he and his associates have

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failed to take into account is that the Revolution they are talking about is the enemy's, not ours.

What the Suburbs Said

All election post-mortems have started from the fact, indisputable in the figures, that Mr. Kennedy carried the big cities by a heavy margin. He won all the largest cities east of the Mississippi, and a majority in the West. In state after state—New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania among them—a substantial Republican majority in rural areas was reversed by the ballots inside the big city lines. Most of these cities are run locally by Democratic machines which base their operations on the various ethnic and religious groups of which the urban mass is composed: Negroes, Jews, Catholics, Mexicans, Irish, Puerto Ricans, etc. Analysis of the election returns has shown that Mr. Kennedy's big city victories were compounded of overwhelming majorities within these special groups.

From these facts has sprung a controversy over the future strategy of the Republican Party. It was led off a month or so ago by National Committee Chairman Thruston Morton, who declared that the Republicans had failed in 1960 because they had not made themselves sufficiently "attractive" to the big city groupings. To win in the future, Senator Morton argued, the party must so alter its program and image as to "appeal" to the several components of the urban mass. Senator Goldwater at once objected, pointing out that such an approach might merely lose the demonstrated Republican rural and small-town strength, without making inroads on the Democrats' big city fiefs.

A new study, prepared for the Republican National Committee by Dr. William B. Prendergast, reveals unexpected data bearing both on the interpretation of the 1960 election and the strategic problem for the future. Contrary to what nearly everyone has assumed, Mr. Nixon did almost as badly in the big city suburban areas—so vastly expanded during the postwar years—as in the cities themselves. Or more precisely: in the suburbs, the Republicans just about held their own, as compared to 1956, while the Democrats jumped up to what became on balance heavy majorities there, as in the cities proper.

Although the exact meaning of the Prendergast statistics will take some time to unravel, they seem at first sight to support the Goldwater thesis over Chairman Morton's. Indeed, the figures suggest that it was not Mr. Nixon's omission of special "appeals" to the city groups that lost him the election, but rather his half-hearted imitation of the demagogic special interest appeals that were the heart and substance of Mr. Kennedy's campaign. Mr. Nixon couldn't bring himself to match the scale of Mr. Kennedy's handout and civil rights bids, and wouldn't have been believed by the city groups if he had. But he said enough to alienate many of the suburban residents—and for that matter, some of the less subgroup-minded city dwellers—who belonged among his natural supporters.

We shall soon learn from the words and conduct of Messrs. Nixon, Goldwater, Rockefeller and perhaps other Republican aspirants, what conclusions they are prepared to draw from Dr. Prendergast's new, and surprising, evidence.

"A"

The *Washington Post* continues to express its horror at the Togetherness of the electrical companies—and no one who is not a regular reader of the *Post* can hope to know what it is like to be catechized by the Cotton Mather of Liberalism. The editors of the *Post* are men of such high moral standing that—"but what words of men, or tongue of man or angel, can one find adequate to this great theme?", as Randall Jar-

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rell said about the Liberalism of Benton College. The *Post* is opposed to what certain officials in Westinghouse and General Electric did (so are we: so are the principal officers of GE and W) because monopoly is so Evil. Question to the *Post:* why did you buy up *your* only opposition newspaper, the *Washington Times-Herald,* thus effecting an ironclad monopoly over your clientele, which over the years you have abused by your unremitting, remorseless ideologization of the news? Put down your branding iron, Reverend, till you regularize your own relations with your common-law wife.

Front and Center!

A month has gone by and as far as the public is concerned the facts are these: General Edwin A. Walker, unceremoniously removed from command of the 24th Infantry Division by order of the President of the United States, awaits in disciplined silence a decision by his superiors which will determine his future in the United States Army he has served for 30 years. He stands accused not by the Army, but by a sex-and-scandal magazine, *The Overseas Weekly,* of an heinous offense, John Birchism. *The Overseas Weekly* (which, incidentally, has been seeking accreditation from the Department of Defense for over two years now, without success) charged on April 16 that General Walker was indoctrinating his troops in the axioms of the John Birch Society. And it adduced as evidence the following: 1. *The Life of John Birch,* by Robert Welch, is to be found in reading rooms of the 24th Division. 2. The 24th Infantry Division Cold War Program is called the "Pro-Blue" Program and the basic John Birch handbook is called "The Blue Book." And 3. General Walker, in a speech to a PTA group on January 24, described Harry Truman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as "definitely pink."

The facts of the matter, as Sidney Gruson of the *New York Times,* Doris Fleeson of the *Washington Post,* and others managed not to discover in their investigation of the case, are: 1. *The Life of John Birch* was written by Robert Welch and published commercially years before the John Birch Society was founded. It is the story of a young American captain who was murdered by the Chinese Communists after World War II, and so pertinent to a study of Communist tactics in the field. It was bought for the divisional reading rooms along with other relevant books on Communism, including J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* and Anthony Bouscaren's *A Guide to Anti-Communism.* 2. General Walker designed his Cold War Program (which was okayed by the Pentagon) as an anti-Red, or to put it affirmatively, as a pro-Blue Program. (In Army maneuvers the friendly force is the Blue Force, the enemy force the Red Force.) It had nothing whatsoever to do with the Welch "Blue Book." Nor is the Birch Society mentioned in the 18-page single-spaced mimeographed outline of the Pro-Blue program. 3. General Walker denies he ever made the statements attributed to him by *The Overeas Weekly* at the PTA meeting and is, incidentally, suing an *OW* reporter for libel. *The Overseas Weekly* is notoriously guilty of distortion and smear. General Walker has never been charged with telling a lie.

These are the ascertainable facts. Neither the Pentagon nor General Walker has made any statement on the case since he was removed from his command.

If there are more substantial charges than those cited by the disreputable *Overseas Weekly* against General Walker, they should be aired. It is the only way the Administration (which, from all outward signs, touched the panic button in this case as in others in recent weeks) can stem the flood of critical mail arriving on Capitol Hill every day demanding justice for a general whose archetypal gallantry in the field, in Italy, in Korea, in the Aleutians, could be the source of an indoctrination program in military valor.

Spring Madness

The Liberals are at it again, and we, for one, are going to keep our movie cameras running night and day, and will, before we are through, come up with a documentary that will curl your hair. It will be called *The Horrors of Guilt by Association,* dedicated to the great venalities of the John Birch Society. The known data are 1) Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, wrote an indefensible book, for very private circulation, in which he concluded that just about everybody was a Communist. 2) Robert Welch founded a political organization, whose members include distinguished members of the American community, from coast to coast. The members didn't know about the private book, and understand themselves merely to be participating in a movement aimed at combatting Communist and socialist influence in America and abroad. *From these data alone* we have learned that the John Birch Society is crackpot (McGill), Know-Nothing (*New Leader*), fascist (Lerner), brutalitarian (Sevareid), anti-Semitic (*Jewish Daily Forward*), dichotomous (Susskind)—just by way of a beginning. General Walker in Germany is relieved of his command, pending an investigation of his distribution—as alleged by a gutter-style weekly circulated among U.S. servicemen in Europe—of John Birch material in the information centers in his zone. *The New Yorker* completely loses its urbanity, and writes a piece about

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it all in the style of a DAR letter-writer appealing to Mephistopheles to be a Good American ("It is not an imposing title . . . [but] it has a certain glamor of its own. The title, dear John Birch Society, is Citizen")! . . . Mauldin draws a cartoon, featuring John Birch, a Ku Kluxer, and a Nazi . . .

Why, it's enough to make one join the John Birch Society. Enough to make one think everyone *is* a Communist. Only Communists are not that stupid. It takes the *Americanus Liberalus*.

The Real Thing

Students at Kent (Ohio) State University amused themselves last month, after a year of preparatory work, with a three-day "mock session" of the United Nations. On hand to speak: Dr. Velma George of Cleveland, a former delegate to the other UN, who said, "Survival is a precondition for anything else we wish to do"; Farouk Mawlawi, assistant director of the Arab Information Center; and Yuri Filippov, counselor to the Russian Embassy in Washington.

After an enthusiastic greeting by the students, Filippov came out strong for peaceful coexistence, respect for territorial integrity and sovereignty, the inevitability of Communist victory throughout the world by peaceful means, any disarmament proposals so long as they include Soviet demands, the admission of Red China to the UN, the impossibility of disarmament without Red China in the UN, the sainthood of Cyrus Eaton, and free trade with the West.

As Filippov explained that the Soviets entered the Hungarian revolt because they were asked to help, a Hungarian student, Andor Jobb, 26 years old and the former Hungarian judo champion, jumped to his feet and said, "I come from Hungary and I know the situation. The Communist government was being overthrown by the people!"

Filippov asked Jobb how he knew so much about it. Jobb replied, "I took part in the revolution."

Filippov told Jobb he might be misinformed. Jobb said, "I studied Marxism for eleven years in Communist schools."

"If you know so much you ought to write a book about it," said Filippov. The students roared with laughter, and at the end of his speech Filippov was rewarded with tumultuous applause.

At the end of their session the students took a vote. Red China was admitted.

Not bad as a mock session, don't you agree? Very like the real thing: a Communist lying, the crowd cheering, a Bang-Jensen hooted down, and Red China admitted. And if you wanted any final proof of verisimilitude, this should do it: the State Department was invited to send a speaker, but none was sent. Ring a bell?

For the Record

From inside Cuba, reports that the heavy-duty tractors Castro is bargaining for (and whose enormous size has puzzled experts on Cuban agriculture) are to be transshipped to Communist China where they are desperately needed. . . . The most famous of the all-important water conservation dikes in China, the dam in Shensi, broke again last month. . . . Ruby Hart Phillips, principal correspondent for the New York Times in Cuba, has left after 30 years. She reports (May 20): Cuba is a Communist police state. . . . According to the Worker, Richard Gibson, executive secretary of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, has called on a District of Columbia Grand Jury to indict CIA chief Allen Dulles "for violation of U.S. neutrality laws" in connection with Cuban invasion.

Show of confidence: five days before the senatorial run-off election in Texas, Democratic candidate William Blakley announced he was selling all his stock in Braniff Airlines in order to "devote full time to duties as a Senator." He is running against GOP conservative John Tower. . . . Cong. Landrum (of Landrum-Griffin) a probable gubernatorial candidate in Georgia primary next year. . . . If you can believe it, the American Committee for Liberation, which reportedly gets some government support, now disseminating reports that the Soviet Union favors a neutral Laos because a neutral Laos "will frustrate Red China's bellicose plans in Southeast Asia." . . . Four days after Laos cease-fire Pravda announced the Soviet Union was continuing its airlift to the Pathet Lao.

One Mehdi Batmanghilij, a large Iranian landowner who has "agreed" along with nineteen others to sell his land to the government for a land reform program, claims his holdings cover an area larger than Switzerland. . . . William Lederer, author of the best-selling anti-Chiang A Nation of Sheep, reports: "I went to Harvard to have most of the book checked. The chapter on China was checked by Prof. John Fairbank. . . . " (Fairbank was implicated in the pre-Red China policies of the IPR.)

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The Third World War

Fulcrum for a Lever

JAMES BURNHAM

Quemoy

A man-made cave is a curious locale for a luncheon party, but it would be unseemly for guests to be discommoded by haphazard shells from the enemy guns four thousand yards away. Besides, it is a big cave now, thrust far back and down into Quemoy's rock, to the command post's communications and control centers. There are hundreds, indeed thousands, of sheltering caves on this island, which is a little larger than Manhattan. Every family, school, farm household of the 45,000 civil population has access to a shelter. The troops, for the most part, live in their caves. The powerful guns, so placed as to cover every approach and a long radius into the mainland, are coiled in their dark cave-tunnels like the dragon of the Nibelungs, with their shell-eggs piled back of their flanks, and the bunks of the crews stretched still further into the rock mass.

Our meal was made entirely from Quemoy's own products — chicken, pork (Quemoy raises enough hogs to have an export surplus for the Hong Kong market), the myriad Chinese vegetables, peanuts, and *kao liang*, which many rate as the most explosive of all Quemoy's equipment. *Kao liang* is a close cousin of corn likker or White Mule, but runs to a minimum of 115 proof. Now, a Chinese meal is filled with toasts—from host to each guest in turn, and back again, and from guest to guest—drunk either *shuei pien* ("according to capacity") or sometimes *kan pei* (which is considered more flattering, and which concludes with the two drinkers turning their glasses upside down, to prove that the rite has been fulfilled). Ordinarily the liquid is a relatively mild rice wine. But Liu An-chih, Quemoy's commanding general and civil governor (the conjunction is inevitable, because all of Quemoy is an integral fortress)—who looks hard enough to be made out of his island's rock—likes all of its products. So the glasses at his table are filled, and re-filled, with *kao liang*, not wine, and he scorns the timidity implicit in *shuei pien*. To each guest in turn, his *kan pei* is offered, and of necessity accepted ("he is famous for his diplomacy," one of his aides whispered admiringly, as the shuttling *kan pei's* soared past the twenties).

They Know Why

As all Chinese seem to do, General Liu laughs with his guests at his table, but it doesn't take long on Quemoy to see that he is a very serious general. The outward signs are immediately visible: his troops are trim and sharp, their uniforms clean, their equipment, machines, guns well maintained, their salutes prompt and exact. They are there for tours of two to three years, but by every account there is no morale problem: they know what they are doing, and why. As for the civilians: many were evacuated in the 44 days of massive shelling that began August 23, 1958, before the caves were dug, but all returned voluntarily. Quemoy is their home, and they do not intend to be deprived of their home by either the shells or the threats of the Communists.

I have never heard of anyone who had visited Quemoy (it is unfortunate that there cannot be more: every member of Congress, say, and of the White House staff) who had any doubts left about "the advisability of holding the offshore islands," or, for that matter, of standing firmly with Free China against recognition of or UN admission for the Peiping regime.

The disputes on these issues arise in the kibitzing atmosphere of 10,000 miles away. They don't exist here on Quemoy or Penghu or Taiwan, either among the Chinese mainlanders, the Taiwanese, or the correspondents, soldiers, technicians, teachers, missionaries, and diplomats (save two or three too totally pre-set) of the foreign community.

Strategic Importance

What doubts can there be when you are directly in face of the enemy, when you know what he is and what he intends for you? As for "giving up" Quemoy and its five satellite islets, the idea becomes simply absurd when you grasp clearly, as it is not too difficult to do, its geographical, strategic, psychological and political meaning. Taiwan is two-thirds mountains. Most of its eleven million people live and work on the coastal plain that stretches along the western coast, opposite the mainland. With Quemoy gone, this entire plain is directly exposed. Quemoy is the plug in Taiwan's defense arc. But it is immensely more than this, of course. It is not at all a mere passive defense post. It is an intelligence harvester, probing the mainland through reports of the defectors who reach its shore during the darkness and by its own patrols, as well as by its electronic devices. It blockades—though not to the ships of our British cousins and allies, which run past its guns by virtue of a diplomatically granted sanctuary that they exploit to our enemy's welfare—one of China's finest harbors; and there are not many fine ones. By powerful radio, loudspeakers, balloons, leaflet-filled shells, floats and other methods, it carries its messages to millions of persons on the mainland, and through them to tens of millions. Quemoy, as an outpost of Taiwan, immobilizes dozens of squadrons of Red China's aircraft, hundreds of big guns, hundreds of thousands of her best troops. Since the Kinmen islands have always been, administratively, a part of Fukien Province, holding the Quemoy position means that the Free Chinese government is legally established on the Chinese mainland. Peiping's impotence to reduce Quemoy—proved flatly by its defeat in the 1958 campaign—causes the Communists a major

(Continued on p. 350)

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Why They Flout the UN in the Middle East

Since Israel and Egypt have been in contempt of the UN for years, the only UN resolutions they will take seriously are those leveled at third parties.

W. J. GRANBERG

The predicament of the United Nations in attempting to bring anything approaching tranquillity to the Congo is equaled only by its ineffectiveness in the Middle East where Gamal Abdel Nasser flexes his muscles and eyes Israel like a bush league fighter waiting for the starting gong.

No resolutions of the UN have been taken so lightly by the world at large and the UN itself as its rulings dealing with Arab-Israeli problems. In twelve years it has built up a small volume of resolutions honored only in the breach, with the result that the UN is not taken seriously in the Middle East, nor are its resolutions considered worth observing.

The recalcitrant position taken by the personable Mr. Nasser, president of the United Arab Republic, regarding passage through the Suez Canal of vessels plying to and from Israel is the current example, very much to the point, of the flouting of UN desires. And despite two visits to Cairo by Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the UN, Nasser is going his own sweet way in blacklisting shipping that has a tinge of Israel to it. And he will continue to do so, for so far as wielding any power in the Middle East is concerned, the UN is the hapless, helpless victim of its own retreat.

In the over-all picture of affairs in the Middle East, however, the matter of Suez is only one element in a situation where war between the Arab states and Israel looms as inevitable. The stage for this conflict was set by the UN itself through sheer inability to enforce its desires in an inflammable atmosphere. Of the four chief UN resolutions aimed at governing Israeli-Arab relationships and the Palestine refugee question, three might yet be implemented, although only with considerable difficulty. The fourth, however, cannot be; not by any stretch of the imagination can it be even dreamed possible to enforce the UN's edict that Palestine refugees be repatriated by Israel.

Worse, Nasser has made it clear, at least in an exclusive word to this writer, that any proposed settlement of the refugee problem, other than by return of the natives to their homes, "reveals a misconception of the matter." In other words, he stands firmly for return home of the refugees as the only possible solution to the problem, arguing that any resettlement of them in Arab states "is an explicit recognition of a sinister fact in shameless defiance of Divine commandments and international laws." In defiance of the UN, too, it should be added.

Nasser's statement to this correspondent went on: "The people of Palestine demand their natural right to their homes, and are determined to return to their land, the very spring of their heritage and life, which they rate far above material compensation and projects. Spiritual values and human rights are not to be so lightly brushed away."

UN Supports Repatriation

And so it is that war is quite likely to break out in the Middle East over this single point: Nasser's insistence that nearly one million refugees be given the choice between repatriation and compensation for lost properties. The UN supported repatriation by its resolution of December 11, 1948, which provided: "That refugees wishing to return to their homes and to live at peace with their neighbors should be permitted to do so at the earliest practicable date, and that compensation should be paid for the property of those choosing not to return and for the loss of, or damage to, property."

In that December resolution, No. 194, the UN endorsed the plan of Count Folke Bernadotte, UN Mediator for Palestine, who presented his report on June 29 and was assassinated by Zionists on September 17 for his liberal attitude toward the displaced Arabs. Israel's reply to the resolution was, in effect, a flat "no." In the meantime, no agreement has been reached on the payment of compensation to the Arabs and the entire question of repatriation looms as impossible of solution.

Israel is as firm as ever against repatriation and, in all honesty, such a thing is impossible at this late date, considering the number of immigrants admitted by Israel since 1948. The country's precarious economy, dependent largely upon cash aid from the outside, will not stand another influx of displaced persons, even assuming Arab and Israeli could live peacefully together, an assumption the most sanguine cannot entertain.

Mrs. Golda Meir, Israel's Foreign Minister, has said that refugees will not be permitted to return "because they have been indoctrinated with a hate for Israel." Mrs. Meir added that Israel is prepared to pay compensation for lost Arab properties within the framework for resettlement of the refugees in Arab countries.

With Arab states unwilling to settle for anything short of repatriation for the refugees, the deadlock on the question continues. Prospects are it will be settled only by war, a war

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calculated to open Israel to entry by its former inhabitants.

There are those who insist the UN should have foreseen this hazard and enforced its resolution on repatriation by means of economic sanctions against Israel. But in 1948, not now; for the clock cannot be turned back. Israel, depending heavily upon the bounty of the Western world, has needed every cent of the estimated two billion dollars obtained from one source or another in the United States. There was a time when economic pressure, exerted through trade channels or by suspension of financial aid, would have brought immediate conformity to wishes of the UN. Today economic sanctions would avail little, for Israel's economy, although still precarious, has improved.

Jerusalem Not Internationalized

Although retreat of the UN from its repatriation resolution is the principal cause of the inevitable conflict in the Middle East, failure to stand firm on three other resolutions has contributed to the general distrust of the UN by Arab states, and to their lack of faith in it. One of these resolutions called for the internationalization of Jerusalem, which was provided for under the Palestine Partition Plan of 1947 and reaffirmed by the General Assembly on December 9, 1949. The latter resolution said, in part:

". . . that Jerusalem should be placed under a permanent international regime, which should envisage appropriate guarantees for the protection of Holy Places, both within and outside Jerusalem. . . . The City of Jerusalem shall be established as a *corpus separatum* under a special international regime and shall be administered by the United Nations."

A Trusteeship Council was to be designated "to discharge the responsibilities of the Administering Authority" and was counseled not to allow "any action by any interested Government or Governments to divert it from adopting and implementing the Statute of Jerusalem." The General Assembly of the UN approved a budget of $8 million for administration of the internationalized city.

Again Israel's response to the UN was a flat rejection of its resolution. Said David Ben-Gurion the Zion-hearted: "Jerusalem will be internationalized over our dead bodies."

Israel proceeded to make Jerusalem its capital and on July 11, 1953, the Foreign Ministry moved there from Tel Aviv. Ambassadors to Israel were asked to present their credentials in Jerusalem. In view of the plans of the UN for Jerusalem, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles on July 28, 1953, pointed out he had tried to dissuade Israel from making the move from Tel Aviv, declaring that to do so would add to tensions, "which are rather extreme," rather than relax them. He added that other governments shared his views and said: "We have notified the government of Israel that we do not intend to move our own embassy to Jerusalem."

However, Secretary Dulles capitulated to pressure in November 1954, ordering the United States Ambassador to Jerusalem. And thus did another resolution of the UN go the way of all flesh. Today, barbed wire, roadblocks and sentries separate the Jordan and Israeli sectors of the Holy City.

Perhaps it is in the actual partition of Palestine, the failure to enforce the decreed boundary lines, that retreat of the UN has been most abject, most harmful to Arabs driven from their homes, for if frontiers fixed in 1947 were observed by Israel, 500,000 of the refugees could return to their lands.

Mediator Count Bernadotte, who arranged the four-week truce in the war that broke out upon termination of Britain's mandate over Palestine on May 15, 1948, recommended among other things that: The whole of the Negeb and the whole or western part of Galilee be included in Arab territory, that Haifa be made a free port and Lydda a free airport.

Israel, however, used truce time to occupy the Negeb region and continue aggression that allowed expansion well beyond the UN's Partition Plan. Prior to Partition, 1,327,000 Arabs held 90 per cent of the land in Palestine and 608,000 Jews held six per cent. Under the Partition Plan, Arabs were to hold 42.88 per cent, Israelis 56.47 per cent, with 0.65 per cent embracing Jerusalem.

Expanded frontiers, left standing by the helpless UN, saw the Arabs wind up with 21.30 per cent of their homeland, Israel with 77.40 per cent, while 1.30 per cent, the Gaza Strip, went under the guardianship of Egypt, later the United Arab Republic.

In his Progress Report to the UN, Count Bernadotte wrote: "The exodus of Palestine refugees resulted

Nasser

from panic created by rumors concerning acts of terrorism and expulsion. . . . There have been numerous reports from reliable sources of large-scale looting, pillaging and plundering, and of instances of destruction of villages without apparent military necessity."

Massacre and destruction had their value to Israel in causing the Arabs to flee their homes. Menachim Begin, leader of the Herut Party and member of the Israeli parliament, wrote: "The enemy propaganda was designed to besmirch our name. In the result it helped us. Panic overwhelmed the Arabs of Israel."

So the Arabs scurried frantically across the frontier, never to return, for the UN was powerless to enforce its desires on partition. Israel thus occupies territory far beyond its dreams of 1947, far beyond the bounds set by the United Nations, of which it was made a member on May 11, 1949, despite its disinclination to observe any wish of the body that tried to assure peace for the Middle East.

Regardless of the remonstrances of Arab delegates to the UN, the tide had set in favor of Israel. Warren Austin, then U.S. delegate to the UN and at that time president of the

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Security Council, said the United States "opposed any reduction in the size of the State of Israel unless Israel herself consent." The utter fantasy of that statement is evident on first reading.

Ben-Gurion has declared that Israel will not give up at the conference table any territory won on the battlefield.

Egypt and the Canal

The fourth somewhat abject retreat of the UN in the Middle East is apparent in Nasser's stand in blacklisting Israeli shipping in the Suez Canal. Egypt and Israel reached a truce on February 25, 1949, at a conference on Rhodes. This armistice has been broken repeatedly by border incidents, a euphonious expression for hit-and-run skirmishes, to say nothing of the 1956 war.

On January 1, 1951, the UN passed a resolution calling on Egypt to end restrictions on passage of shipping through the canal. Originally, Egypt pleaded that the issue involved passage of neutral vessels trading with Israel, and not Israeli-owned ships, arguing that international law upholds the right of visit, search and seizure of such vessels when peace has not been concluded between disputants.

Egypt, with some justice, argues that passage of Israeli ships is not the question at all, since Israel is a belligerent. However, paragraph No. 10 of the UN's resolution called on Egypt to end all restrictions on shipping through the canal, wherever bound, and to cease interference with shipping "beyond that essential to the safety of shipping in the Canal itself."

For a time, ships of other nations carrying Israeli cargoes were permitted passage, but in reality the UAR has violated both letter and spirit of the UN's resolution. Yet who is there to say "nay" to Nasser's flagrant disregard of the UN in view of the evidence that Israel is an aggressor, and in the face of similar disdain by Israel for the UN?

Although Nasser pleads defense in his stand on Suez, it is more than that—sweet revenge, costly to Israel. Two wrongs do not make a right, but in the immoral climate surrounding utter disregard of UN resolutions, disdain for one prompts irreverence for another. For the first time since the dissolution of Palestine, an Arab state is in a position to put the squeeze on Israel, and Nasser is not likely to abdicate that pleasant command.

And in this case, too, although the UAR is more self-supporting and self-reliant than Israel, economic sanctions could have secured conformance to the wishes of the UN. The canal carried a record volume of traffic in 1959, earned the UAR $100 million. At the close of 1959 the World Bank loaned Nasser $56.5 million for widening and deepening the ditch, with no questions asked.

Morality **cannot be a sometime** thing, whether in the individual or nation. It is, or it isn't, and in the Middle East it isn't. In the deliberations and power-political machinations of the UN, it isn't. In inability to enforce resolutions of the UN, it isn't.

To paraphrase Nasser, retreat by the UN from its own morality has produced a state of chaos in international relations, with the law of the jungle now governing.

The Castro Convertible—A Fable

W. H. von DREELE

Once upon a time there was an island in the sun. The people on the island were happy and gay and loved to sing. One of their favorite songs was "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola." They took long naps after lunch and never had to worry about central heating.

Every so often there would be a revolution, but this did not concern the people. Many would place bets. Often, the winners would throw big parties for their friends and serve gallons of Cuba Libres. After such nights, fewer went out into the bright sun to cut sugar cane.

Then one day (eet was een July, I *theenk*), another revolution started. The leader was called The Beard, and he said: *Compañeros!* You are unhappy! Your children are starving! You have no pretty clothes to wear on the great feast days! Support me and I will put a Castro Convertible in every *casa—mañana.*

The people listened, then they placed bets. Some did not like The Beard because he wore *gringo* clothes. Others felt he lacked dignity. For many, the reaction was, simply: "So?" Meanwhile, the people laughed and played in the sun and sang "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola."

Everyone was surprised when The Beard won the war. But they were bored with the other leader, anyway, for he was getting old and no longer offered big spectacles on feast days. (They have the saying: Throw the old bulls out.) So, after a big victory celebration in the capitol, everyone went home happy and waited for his Castro Convertible.

But they never arrived. Not even C.O.D. Now the people became *very* unhappy. Many did not know exactly what a Castro Convertible was, but they *did* know they *wanted* one. Many were so unhappy that they left the island for the fabulous city in the great country ninety miles north, where they got the special summer rates. (That winter the rates went up, and they were even more unhappy.)

Soon, the *leader* of the great country with the fabulous city ninety miles away got jumpy. He said: "The Beard is a Bad Thing." And truly, he was. So, the leader of the great country winked as the unhappy islanders prepared an Army of Liberation. But with something to do, they became happy again. They read maps and drilled and argued and sang "Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola."

Then, with much fanfare and *vivas!*, they sailed back to their island to throw out The Beard. Instead, however, The Beard threw *them* out. Now they were unhappy again. And so was the great leader of the great country ninety miles away. Boy, was *he* unhappy!

Moral: If you're going to do something wrong, for Heaven's sake, do it right!

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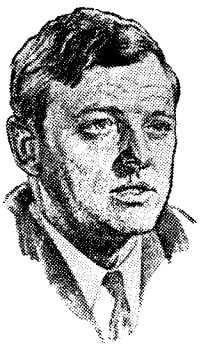
THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Guilt by Association

Mr. Howard J. Phillips, Harvard 1962, was one of the speakers at NATIONAL REVIEW's Fifth Anniversary Dinner last fall, and therein lies the beginning of a tale which one day last week I pursued through what must have been thousands of issues of the *Harvard Crimson*. I was driven to the task by long reflection on the charge once made by Robert Strausz-Hupé, that conservatives notoriously fail to recover their wounded. I read on, and soon began to wonder who, in the saga of Phillips *vs.* Harvard, was wounding whom. It was indeed on account of Phillips' participation in our gala that the boys at Harvard began to notice that the man they had elected as President of the Student Council was a black reactionary. They pondered the problem a while, as it befits a reflective community to do, and apparently rejected, upon consideration, public execution, a bill of attainder, elimination of the office of president of Student Council for so long as Phillips occupies it, that kind of thing. Instead, he was just told to watch it. Then *Time* Magazine, in February, cited the conservative convictions of Phillips, his status as the most conspicuous Harvard student, and slapped together a causal relation. Harvard students snarled back that there is no graver sin than the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc* and Phillips was warned by the Student Council not to go about the country sowing the impression that the student body at Harvard is conservative. Harvard is very urbane, and can take almost anything, as everyone from Fidel Castro to Gypsy Rose Lee has, over the years, found out; but not *that*. Phillips replied (the *Crimson* refused to publish his letter) that his views were his views and, as things turned out, also the views of the man who had been elected president of the Student Council of Harvard, and that there wasn't a thing he could do about it if the body public wanted to speculate about the rare conjunction at Harvard of conservative views and high undergraduate office. A few weeks later Phillips went down to Washington to a gathering of Peace Corpsmen, there to urge on Mr. Sargent Shriver a little sobriety. He dispensed his advice under the aegis of the Committee for an Effective Peace Corps. On the letterhead of the Committee's stationery his name appeared, followed by the designation, "President, Student Council, Harvard."



Buckley

"Since it appears that a word of warning from the Student Council was insufficient to stop this [kind of thing]," two Harvard students wrote icily to the *Crimson*, *"we suggest that Mr. Phillips might better understand a vote of censure and a formal demand that he scrupulously refrain from further misuse of the prestige of his office."* A storm ensued.

They had, to be sure, a technical point, though not a very large one. To begin with, no one in his right mind would believe the Harvard student body is "conservative," and therefore anyone who so presumes, on the exiguous basis of what Howard Phillips believes, is so invincibly innocent as to be incapable of salvation, even by so mighty an instrument of edification as a vote of censure by the Harvard Student Council. In the second place, Harvard is hardly going to be hurt by here and there a few cultivated mis-impressions about the intensity of conservative activity on the campus. If the Harvard students *really* are concerned about misrepresentation, let them examine some of the generalities that issue furtively out of Harvard's Development Council, or whatever it is at Harvard that does the fund-raising. Knowledge being universal, it is unlikely that the refinements of money-raising techniques have not, *e.g.*, traveled up from New Haven to Cambridge, and I have a cellar full of vintage syrup brewed at Yale, a whiff of which is guaranteed to persuade the alumni that Yale is like one long seminar at the NAM. And finally, the position of the complaining students is a little bit self-conscious. Even if someone were to conclude, from the sum total of Howard Phillips' ideological pursuits, that conservatism is stronger at Harvard than in fact it is — so what? The notice served by Harvard students upon *Time* Magazine to the effect that its story of a national conservative renaissance stands impeached as witness the fact that Harvard students did not vote Phillips into power because he is a conservative, reminds one of the celebrated wire by the Chamber of Commerce of Italy, Texas, to the League of Nations in October 1935, stating that it should be made absolutely clear to the nations of the world that it was *not* Italy, Texas, that was invading Ethiopia.

The technical point is that no individual should go about saying he speaks for the Harvard student body. Phillips never said he did: but there is the point that his title at Harvard should not necessarily be glued to his name, as though it were, say, an honorary degree, or a citation by the Legion of Honor. A small point indeed, and it is a tribute to the majority of Harvard students, that they refused to go the length of ratifying the proposed Constitutional Amendment, or whatever it was they needed effectively to restrain Phillips and failed even formally to censure him; and when one considers the point side by side with the indifference of Harvardmen to other people and organizations that go about, some of them even explicitly, speaking "for" Harvard, not really one to make a large fuss about. The *Harvard Crimson* (by the way, easily the best edited and best written student newspaper in the U.S.), with its cloying addiction to Eastern Seaboard Liberalism, is thought by many to speak

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The Price of Soviet Trade

Let's tear down the barriers, say the starry-eyed, and trade with Russia. Thirty years of history say it can't be done on any but Soviet terms.

R. F. O'TOOLE

During the forty-one years of Soviet rule Russia's trade with the United States has declined, persistently, until today it is little more than a trickle. A look at the record points up the principal reasons for this and why there is little likelihood of a reversal, despite Nikita Khrushchev's recent clamor for more American trade and credits.

Apart from the long record of Soviet bad faith and trickery in its international relations, its repudiation of Russia's financial obligations to the American Government and its people is a prime retarding factor in Soviet-American trade relations. In mid-1933, just before formal U.S. recognition of the Soviet Government, official United States figures of the losses caused by that repudiation were:

Repudiated Russian obligations held by the United States Gov't.	$192 million
Repudiated Russian obligations held by American citizens ..	$106 million
Confiscated property rights and interest of American citizens in Russia	$330 million
Total	$628 million

In November 1933, when the recognition discussions got under way with Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet foreign minister, these repudiated debts and claims became an important consideration and point of controversy. Litvinov tried to tie in United States financial assistance to the Soviet Government with settlement of the repudiated debt but, unfortunately, neither was settled before formal recognition on November 15, 1933.

From that point on, Litvinov stalled the debt discussions and tried to spin off debt settlement from any loan or dollar financing for Soviet purchases in the United States—just as he had done earlier with England and other countries. It was the position of the United States to link them together and to make debt-settlement a *sine qua non* of any credit operation—and the Soviet Ambassador in Washington was so informed by the President.

Litvinov wanted a long-term cash loan with no restrictions upon its use, while the Administration had planned to provide only trade-financing through the newly created Export-Import Bank whose functions were restricted to Soviet trade. Because of Litvinov's persistence in blocking debt settlement the Bank's trustees refused to approve any credit transactions with the Soviet Union until it had submitted an acceptable debt proposal to the President of the United States. Shortly thereafter the Bank was merged with a second institution, of similar name, set up for the purpose of financing trade with countries other than the Soviet Union.

Litvinov's Proposal

Although irked by the action of the trustees of the earlier Bank, Litvinov, on April 2, 1934, approached the American ambassador in Moscow with what could best be described as a double-or-nothing proposal in the debt controversy. He said that his government would not insist upon a loan but would straighten out its indebtedness to the United States and its nationals through a 20-year credit from the second Export-Import Bank for double the amount of whatever sum should be paid in settlement of the debt to the United States—but without any indication as to what amount his government would agree to. He further proposed that the credit for the undetermined amount could be drawn upon by the Soviet Government if, as and when it needed cash to pay for purchases in the United States, but his proposals were rejected. Over the next few years other attempts to settle the Soviet debt repudiation were futile.

Finally, on January 5, 1938, the issue was revived when U.S. Ambassador Joseph Davies went to the Kremlin for a farewell call on President Kalinin and Premier Molotov, incident to the Ambassador's transfer to Brussels. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, Joseph Stalin entered the room and, during a two-hour discussion, brought up the debt controversy and made proposals that were just as unsatisfactory as the earlier ones. Both the controversy and renewal of discussions were thereafter pushed into the background by the conditions leading up to the Second World War.

The real motive underlying the evasive tactics of Litvinov and his associates, in the debt-settlement discussions, came to light on July 7, 1934 when the Soviet Foreign Minister told American Ambassador Bullitt:

> We sincerely desire the best possible relations with the United States but we cannot jeopardize our relations with the rest of the world. The claims against the Soviet Union of England, France, Germany and various other nations are far larger than the claims of America. These claims have now been shelved and forgotten but the moment we make any settlement with the United States all other nations will demand immediate settlements. We must therefore make a settlement with the United States which will be on a basis that no other nation will be willing to accept.

The Soviet repudiation still exists and on April 30, 1959 the books of the United States Treasury carried $582.9 million of repudiated Russian government obligations. The Soviet Union was also responsible for the suspension of interest and principal payments, totalling $808.2 million, representing the World War I debt

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to the United States of the Soviet European satellites and the captive Baltic states. In addition, the Foreign Claims Settlement Commission of the United States Government had received over 3,000 claims of American nationals against the Soviet Union,

for an aggregate total of $3.5 billion, when it closed its books in 1956. Against this our Treasury had only $9 million of Soviet funds for application.

Finally, the Soviet Government's Lend-Lease indebtedness to the United States has remained unsettled since the 1951 negotiations when we scaled down the original debt of $2.5 billion to $800 million and the Soviet Government declined to pay more than $300 million.

War Products Wanted

From the inception of the Cold War in 1947, another and highly important factor has militated against expansion of our export trade with the Soviet Union—the necessity for tight controls over what the Soviet Government buys from us—in the interest of national security. For what that government wants most from us is not consumer goods but highly-specialized machinery, equipment and other strategic products which Soviet technology and industry are unable to produce or to obtain elsewhere. It needs all these things for expansion of its military machine and armaments industry with which to backstop its effort towards world domination, and for its foreign-trade monopoly—a weapon which it uses to infiltrate weak and underdeveloped countries and to undermine our prestige in such areas.

A collateral Soviet trade motive is the acquisition of American products that can be copied in the Soviet Union. For this reason many American exporters refuse to consider Russian merchandise orders because of the Soviet Government's refusal to recognize foreign patent rights or to make royalty payments.

Mr. K's Blandishments

When it was suggested to Mr. Khrushchev at Camp David that one way he could bring about more trade with this country would be to work out an appropriate patent convention, he brushed it off. Such matters, said Mr. K., could best be settled in direct negotiation between the Soviet Government and the private American companies—a course that our exporters have long since learned does not pay off.

A further aspect of the low potential of our trade with Soviet Russia lies in the limited availability of Russian products that have commercial interest in the United States. Raw materials have declined in importance to us over the past ten or twelve years because we were able to obtain many of them more advantageously outside the Iron Curtain. Thus the value of available Soviet exports is far too small to pay for any material volume of Soviet purchases in the United States.

The growls of the Russian bear for a loosening of our trade barriers and bankroll have become commonplace, and Mr. K.'s blandishments to this end at Camp David—where he readily agreed to renegotiation of a Lend-Lease settlement—ran true to form. The discussions had scarcely begun when the Soviet representative scuttled the proceedings by insisting we negotiate trade controls and trade-financing concurrently.

Under the circumstances, any change in our trade and financial policy towards the Soviet Government will have to wait upon better Soviet performance in the future. For without an about-face in Soviet morality — which few expect — the price of more trade with the Soviet Union would come too high.

THIRD WORLD WAR

(Continued from p. 344)

loss of all-important face. And Quemoy is, finally, like West Berlin, an inescapable symbol that the Communist triumph is neither complete nor final.

An Act of Will

One way to see what Free China means is to think of it in terms of a mathematical proportion. In these small islands—Taiwan, Penghu, Matsu, Kinmen (Quemoy) — eleven million human beings stand defiantly erect on the doorstep of an enemy who controls 600 million; in North America, 185 million human beings are paralyzed by a petty scoundrel at its doorstep with six million at his dubious command. The Free Chinese leaders, continuously for twelve years, have held fast by a gigantic act of will not unlike the act of will that won and keeps Israel for the Jews, in the face of the Arab mass. The Chinese *tour de force* would not have been possible, certainly, without our multitudinous aid and support, which (whatever may have been the seeming vacillations in our policy) has, since 1950, done us honor as well as service. But the aid would have been as nothing—as others have proved, and are proving—without the act of will.

Taiwan, and all Southeast Asia, have been swarming these last few weeks with the comings and goings of the big brass from the United States, who settle like migrating birds for a night here and an afternoon there: General Lemnitzer, General Collins, Vice President Johnson. . . . These butterfly transits give an episodic, fluttering impression, as of indecision and nervous tension. In contrast, though under the guns of the enemy, there is no nervousness in Quemoy and no indecision on Taiwan. They have made up their minds here; they know where they are going. So what further is there for them to be nervous about? You are not plagued with the pangs of indecision, once you have decided.

I did not need a visit to Taiwan and Quemoy to make me a friend of Free China. But this visit has meant, for me, at least one important change: I now believe that Free China may be going to win in the end, after all.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Classroom Shortage

Of its numerous arguments in favor of federal school subsidies, the National Education Association has enjoyed its greatest success with the contention that America desperately needs more classrooms, right now—and that only federal money can build them. If the Kennedy Administration's school-aid bill squeaks through the present Congress, it will be mostly because of this plea, which a good many citizens take at face value.

Kirk

Really and urgently, we need to look at the facts.

Is there actually a severe lack of schoolrooms? At the end of the second World War, unquestionably, there was a pressing need for school construction what with the inability to erect schools during the war years, and the high rate of births from 1939 onward. But does the shortage of 1946 linger into 1961?

More than forty thousand school districts exist in the United States. In December 1959, a survey—somewhat reluctantly made and released by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—revealed that in the whole United States there are only 237 school districts which have reached the limit of their bonding capacity, need more classrooms, and do not have funds available. Out of every 170 districts, to put the matter another way, only one district seems to require real outside help for school construction—and that outside help could come from the state government, not from Washington. (According to the White House Conference on Education, in 1955, there is no state so poor as to be unable to afford a good system of public instruction, if the people of the state desire it.)

Our classroom shortage, then, has been dwindling steadily. Last year, officials of the Bureau of the Budget suggested that some school administrators, who ought to have respect for accuracy, have exaggerated the extent of the remaining shortage. Estimates of "essential classroom space" tend to swell if the money does not have to be found locally. Representatives of state departments of public instruction, and of teachers' colleges, often encourage this hankering after the grandiose. In Michigan, for several years, educational officials have cajoled—and sometimes bullied—school boards into erecting gymnasiums, home-economics rooms, bandrooms, new wood-shops, swimming pools, and the like, when the money might have been better spent for fundamentals, including ordinary classrooms. At the little town of Parchment, for instance, the school board last year proposed to build two more classrooms with funds on hand. But educational officials from the College of Education of the University of Michigan promptly informed the board that it ought to expend its cash on a bandroom, instead—and that the school would be disaccredited, if it persisted in old-fangled instruction over "enrichments."

No Shortage by 1970

For fifteen years, in plain fact, America has been building classrooms at a remarkably high rate—especially during the past six years. In 1954, the United States Commissioner of Education testified that the country needed 370,000 more classrooms. By the autumn of 1959, according to the Office of Education, this shortage had declined drastically to only 132,400 classrooms. Last year the Office of Education estimated that during the next decade we will need a total of 607,600 additional classrooms. But during the period since 1954, we have been building, on the average, some 67,360 classrooms per year. School enrollments no longer are increasing so rapidly as they did during the decade after World War II. If, then, we continue building at our present rate, without federal subsidies, by 1970 America will have wiped out the classroom shortage altogether—even the highest estimate of "shortage" postulated by the more enthusiastic advocates of expansion.

Yet this January, somewhat abruptly, the Office of Education announced that the shortage had *increased* by approximately 10,000 classrooms during 1960, to an alleged total shortage of 142,100 classrooms. But this new computation was based upon "re-evaluations" of local school needs by state departments of public instruction. This is a neat dodge, though transparent enough to those in the know. In fine, whenever school districts actually succeed in reducing their classroom shortage, educationist zealots "re-evaluate" their "needs" and establish new goals—always with the plea that federal money ought to be appropriated. Superintendent Blanding loves to build his dream-house, when federal funds are in prospect. As Mr. Roger Freeman, author of the new and invaluable *Taxes for the Schools,* observes wryly, "This is like greyhounds chasing a mechanical hare. State education offices have 're-evaluated' needs to an average of 16,000 classrooms a year for the past four years. This foolproof system can keep reporting ever-larger shortages, despite the fact that more classrooms are built annually."

As I said some months ago in an address to the national convention of the Association of School Business Officials, no country in the world has so much classroom space per student as does America; we have far, far more than Soviet Russia. We have no shortage that will not be remedied in a very few years by the normal process of local action and local financing. The case for federal funds to build new schools is fallacious and disingenuous.

Some of my readers, I trust, will write to this effect to their senators and representatives in Washington. Write *now,* friends: the Senate is now completing its hearings on the federal school aid boondoggle.

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The Compleat Growthman

M. STANTON EVANS

"Growthmanship" is the name accorded a strange game of statistical roulette, in which American prestige and free world morale are the stakes. It consists of comparing percentage gains in the gross national product of the Soviet Union and the United States, and invariably ends by finding that the USSR has much the higher growth rate. The growthmen conclude that we are in grave danger of becoming a second-rate power.

There are several reasons for rejecting this line of argument. One is that it commits the elementary error of comparing a percentage derived from a small base with another derived from a large base; a second is that Soviet statistics, as even the Soviets themselves have acknowledged, are of doubtful reliability, and unquestionably exaggerated in Moscow's favor; a third is that, with the Soviet government in charge of the entire economy, there can be no rational distribution of resources: aggregate statistics of "growth" may indicate that certain goods *are* produced; they cannot tell us whether the production takes place in areas where, for reasons of economic health, goods *should* be produced.

Beyond all this, there are important substantive reasons for skepticism about the alarums of the growthmongers. These have been impressively marshaled in two brief studies by Dr. Colin Clark of Oxford University, who also serves as Research Director of the Econometric Institute of New York. On the specific question of Soviet growth, Dr. Clark's views are set forward in a document, published by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, entitled *The Real Productivity of Soviet Russia.*

The Real Productivity of Soviet Russia, by Colin Clark. U.S. Government Printing Office, 20 cents

Growthmanship, by Colin Clark. Institute of Economic Affairs, London, 5 shillings

Clark analyzes Soviet statistics for population increase, agricultural and industrial production, and military expenditure. To reach a prudent assessment of real population growth, he carefully cross-checks census figures for mortality, school enrollments, and electoral registrations. He discovers that Soviet death rates in recent years have been downgraded and that, correspondingly, claims to population increase have been considerably overstated.

What is true of this component of Soviet "growth," Clark finds, is true of Soviet economy as a whole. Examining the Soviets' own statistics for productivity increase since 1913, he concludes that the USSR's real growth over the long pull has averaged only 1.2 per cent a year. By way of contrast, the American economy, "subject to minor fluctuations . . . ever since the 1890s, has maintained a steady rate of growth or real product per man-hour of 2.3 per cent per year." (These findings parallel those of Dr. G. Warren Nutter, who avoids the false witness of percentages altogether by measuring progress in absolute quantities. On this basis, Nutter finds the Soviets, instead of overtaking us, falling farther and farther behind.)

If Soviet progress has been so slow, where do Western economists get their inflated notions of Moscow's prowess? "The illusion arose," Clark says, "through examining the data—such as were available—for the period 1948-53 and expecting their movement to continue indefinitely. . . . [But] when a country is recovering from war, invasion and similar disasters which have reduced its productivity to a low level, there will be a recovery period in which growth is rapid. . . ."

His analysis shows that the policies being advocated to increase growth in the United States—inflationary spending, increased government control of the economy, higher taxes—are the very things which have prevented growth elsewhere, and that the statist programs advocated for the "underdeveloped" countries are precisely the opposite of what is needed.

THE SOURCE of most "growthmanship" confusion is the theory that productivity expands in proportion as "capital investment" is increased. Accepting this view, growth advocates argue that progress can be achieved by letting government allocate a given percentage of the GNP to public projects: X "investment" will produce Y "growth."

In a brilliant survey entitled *Growthmanship,* Dr. Clark demolishes these simplistic notions. To begin with, he notes, "public expenditure does not become productive merely by being described as investment." In addition to the notorious profligacy of governments, "there is also the indirect waste following from taxation, rising prices, government controls, and other measures intended to stimulate investment, all of which damage the rest of the economy by distorting production, impairing incentives to work or save, and erecting a costly apparatus of officialdom."

Government "investors," moreover, cannot know which industries, in the vast network of commercial exchange, should be the beneficiaries of added funds. Only the sensitive and complex adjustments of the free market can assure a continuing equilibrium of supply and demand. Economic progress depends not only upon constantly shifting accommo-

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dations among thousands of enterprises, but upon a union of economic factors: land, capital, labor and organizational technique. It cannot result from mere infusions of capital into arbitrarily selected projects. Clark demonstrates that growth, historically, is not a dependable coefficient of capital investment *per se;* productivity increases per unit of capital input, he shows, vary considerably from nation to nation.

Returning to the subject of the Soviet Union, he establishes that, where other factors are *not* favorable (that is, where we find inept organization, inhibitions on the free movement of the market, lack of incentive to produce), the capital-output ratio is low in any event. "It is clear," he concludes, "that the amount of additional product obtained from succeeding investments of new capital in Soviet Russia . . . has been falling very rapidly; in other words, a great deal of capital investment in Soviet Russia has been wasted."

These findings should have a sobering effect on those who believe we should emulate Moscow's methods to achieve greater economic progress; Dr. Clark's two pamphlets, taken together, are convincing evidence that the surest means to growth is the free economy, and that the surest means to poverty is government interference in the market place.

Jeeves' England

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THIS YEAR P. G. Wodehouse, whose world is ageless springtime, celebrates his eightieth birthday; and his new book, *The Ice in the Bedroom,* gives us an opportunity to pay our respects. It is his best book for some while; an exhibition of easy mastery, of familiar skill, as incomparable in its special way as Fred Astaire's dancing. He has written scores of books just as good, of course; but the point is that no one else has.

The Ice in the Bedroom, by P. G. Wodehouse. Simon and Schuster, $3.75

The Ice in the Bedroom takes us back to the elysian London suburb of Valley Fields where we find ensconced in adjoining houses Freddie Widgeon, whose allowance has been cut off by his uncle, Lord Blicester (a former winner, it will be recalled, of the Drones Club Fat Uncles Contest), and a ferocious female novelist called Leila Yorke (author of *For True Love Only, Heather o' the Hills* and *Sweet Jennie Dean*). Also present are Miss Yorke's pretty but green-eyed secretary, whom Freddie loves; Freddie's cousin George, who is an Old Etonian policeman; and Dolly Malloy, a blonde shoplifter who has carelessly stashed away some diamonds (pinched from Mrs. Oofy Prosser) on top of a cupboard in Miss Yorke's bedroom. The plotting is intricate but flawlessly put together; the dialogue runs as effortlessly as the purling brooks of Valley Fields; the turn of every comic phrase is felicitously exact. It is the mixture as before.

The vicissitudes of Mr. Wodehouse's reputation make a remarkable comedy in themselves. During the 1930's he won golden opinions from every sort of eminent literary man and received the accolade of an honorary doctorate from Oxford. In the 1940's his books were ignominiously thrown out of public libraries in Britain because, while interned in Europe, he was persuaded to deliver a humorous broadcast—entirely harmless, as anyone who has seen the text knows—over the German radio. After the war his new books were dismissed as mere anachronistic shadows with no relevance to the brave new welfare state. Gradually his reputation and his sales rose again, and he now enjoys that mellow affection with which the British public, unlike some of the younger critics, loves to reward ancient institutions and long service. And the cream of the jest is this: with a few ups and downs, Mr. Wodehouse's books have been exactly the same all along.

The world has changed, though, and fashions in literature have changed, and what riles the young angries of the Left is that Mr. Wodehouse has not changed. The world he writes about, the world of the Drones Club and Blandings Castle and Piccadilly Jim, was always a fairyland but it was never their fairyland. He writes about the upper classes without class-consciouness. He writes about love as though Freud had not been invented. He writes without ambiguity.

WHAT a stylist he is. With what effortless economy he makes his effects. Bingo Little comes up to Oofy Prosser in the club and says he's looking for someone to lend him five pounds. "Very hard to find, that type of man," replies Oofy coldly. What more is there to say?

Or: "Good Lord, Jeeves! Is there anything you don't know?"

"I could not say, sir."

Or—Jeeves and Bertie again: "In these days of unrest, Jeeves," I said, "with wives yearning to fufill themselves and husbands slipping round the corner to do what they shouldn't, and the home, generally speaking, in the melting pot, as it were, it is nice to find a thoroughly united couple."

"Decidedly agreeable, sir."

"I allude to the Bingos—Mr. and Mrs."

"Exactly, sir."

"What was it the poet said of couples like the Bingeese?"

" 'Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,' sir."

"A dashed good description, Jeeves."

"It has, I believe, given uniform satisfaction, sir."

If Mr. Wodehouse had done nothing else but create Jeeves and Bertie, he would still have earned a place, along with Dickens and Mark Twain and Conan Doyle, in that small company of novelists who have created characters more real than life. Just as every self-respecting detective since Conan Doyle's day has tried to be like Sherlock Holmes, so every good gentleman's gentleman will always now have a little of Jeeves in him.

Mr. Wodehouse's literary opponents are quite right in a way. He and his creations have no place in the world of social consciousness and dustbin drama. Bertie Wooster would find little to say to Jimmy Porter or

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Lucky Jim. He would not enjoy the plays of Bertold Brecht or Shelagh Delaney.

But Bertie is far from the vapid wastrel some people have taken him for. He is highly percipient in his own field. Some of Jeeves' quotations may be new to him, but, during his stretches at Malvern House, Eton and Oxford, quite a lot of knowledge stuck. The names of Schopenhauer, Edgar Allan Poe and Chekhov are on the tip of his tongue; so are the names of Tallulah Bankhead and Jack Dempsey. He understands about affairs of the heart. He even speaks French quite well.

More important, he is kind, generous and loyal to a fault. "The code of the Woosters," he once explained, "as is pretty generally known, renders it impossible for me to let a pal down. Mine not to reason why." He is a chivalrous and, on the whole, eminently sensible Englishman. A world made up of Bertie Woosters would not be at all a bad world to live in. A world made by John Osborne for Jimmy Porter would be intolerable.

Cicero, in one of his later letters to Atticus, says *"Stomachor omnia*—I get cross about everything. I think I must read that book I sent you, my *De Senectute*, more often." I know how he felt. I think I will read my Wodehouse again. It will take me back to kindness and cleanness and good humor and England in the spring.

Impatient Odyssey

PHILIP BURNHAM

THERE IS a certain strain involved in reading Robert Elliot Fitch's impatient *Odyssey*. The author goes racing at tremendous speed, constantly accelerated by explosive summary sentences, and in a short book executes a long file of spokesmen for their times, from the Renaissance to the morning paper.

In the journey Mr. Fitch follows, from the Universe of God to the eroding island of self, men's thoughts and emotions have turned more and more fixedly inward until now the subject itself is disappearing in mirage. The proper object of ultimate interest and concern is God, the author teaches with the admirable flatness of the catechism, and "the chief end of man is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever." But we see here, rather, the ports of call down the errant course of defection and idolatry, away from God, past Nature and Humanity and Society to Me, which turns out to be a nauseating end. Mr. Fitch harpoons a few famous thinkers along the way —Hume, Kant, Gibbon and Voltaire, Mazzini and Woodrow Wilson, and significant parts of many more—but he reserves his energy for the poets and artists, the sages and seers of most unmitigated Self.

Odyssey of the Self-Centered Self or Rake's Progress in Religion, **by Robert Elliot Fitch. Harcourt, $3.95**

The critical concentration makes the book a satisfying rout and a circus in the classic pattern that leaves blood on the sand. The first fatted victim is Walt Whitman, genius for expressing "The Self in Love with Itself." Most aptly, at about the time this book appears, an advertisement announces the publication of a new work, *Walt Whitman's Civil War*, and the critic can demonstrate that now the War Between the States is reduced to a means for Walt Whitman's self-expression. But Mr. Fitch finds a multitude of targets to attack. The final creature analyzed is called "the Blob," the self-worshipping Me that has managed the complex feat of annihilating its own person. . . .

"So he has shucked reason with logical positivism [Mr. Fitch attacks its propositions and its people], shucked emotion with existentialism [attack], shucked morals with relativism [attack], shucked art with impressionism [perhaps "expressionism"? but, anyway, attack], shucked truth with skepticism [attack] shucked sex with impersonalism [attack], shucked self with Zen and Vedanta [attack]."

The logic and outline are terribly clear. The self-loving self turns "Sick of Itself" and seeks false ways of escape. "The Way of Compassion," which receives one of the most hilarious drubbings of the book (along with permissive education and a brief rundown on impersonal sex), is epitomized by a distinguished actress with plans to play Lady Macbeth as "a warm, feminine, and sympathetic character." The trick is to "identify." Pity the criminal and forget the victim. See that others are no better than we are, and so absolve oneself from moral responsibility and be freed from guilt. "The Way of Contemplation" is based upon art. The object is contemplated for its own sake, regardless of its relations, and then the object is progressively removed from the frame until abstract expressionism leaves self communicating with itself, retaining "no interest in objective referents." "The Way of Piety" fetches in exotic Oriental religions, long moribund in the East (as Koestler is currently saying), to serve the death-wish of the escaping egoist.

One is reduced to a Blob, smothered in the rich moods of self-love and hatred and, finally, self-pity. The hero of the age is the martyr, "and the martyr, in the last analysis,

is Me"—the martyr as Presidential candidate, as a winsome correspondent of Abigail Van Buren, as the "Manly Rapist," Caryl Chessman, as the "High Minded Gigolo" of Tennessee Williams, as the "Put-on Professor" Charles Van Doren. The Beatnik is the end and final objective of Mr. Fitch's aggressive objectivity. Few authorities (Aldous Huxley and Schopenhauer and one or two other fairly general geniuses) are cited at more points than Jack Kerouac.

THIS raises some questions about the purposes and the technique of Mr. Fitch's effort. The first moral purpose of the book is the "Rake's Regress,"

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which is the title of the ultimate chapter, designed to start the disappearing Me back on the road toward objectivity and God. But it is not a long chapter, and the work may be too modest, dealing with what it states to be "true religion." And the author may have sworn off empathy too strictly, devoting too little work to the actual psychology of fellow man.

When Mr. Fitch comes to assert a positive description of the human self, he fails to provide much secure, objective identity to build upon: "The answer is that it is its interests, its activities, its loves. . . . The self is created and is found in these." This may be reassuringly a created *something,* but it lacks more than spatial location. Perhaps he is too chary of the ideas about "active intellect" of "certain neo-Thomists," whom he frequently singles out for spanking, and is too skittish with mystics, "recollecting," as they do, an immortal living soul conversing with the Living God.

The Beatniks, by Mr. Fitch's own arithmetic, are four-fifths correct. Beatniks reject the idols of Nature, Humanity, Society and comprehensible Self. Their error is avoiding God. I doubt if they will reach God again, going backwards up the eroded road of respectable Self, and thrilling Society, and embracing Humanity, and scientifically conditioned Nature. Mary Magdalen did not become a good housewife before embracing the feet of Christ. Mr. Fitch should not be encouraged if they reach some "common ground" with "certain classical secularists." It would be an unheroic disappointment if "they would agree on many essentials," without choosing the essential.

The Lights Are Going Out

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

IN THE ROTC at Princeton before the last war, a knowledge of horsemanship was required of every cadet. Automation was fast overtaking the field artillery, but I guess the theory was that, at the very least, the training would come in handy for polo.

The War Called Peace, **by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. Norton, $3.95**

On the great day when our lessons were to start, the lieutenant in charge herded his beardless cavaliers into the riding arena, stationed himself before a prime specimen of *equus equus,* and began at the very beginning.

"Gentlemen," he declared in his best parade tones, "this is a *horse.* This is its *head,* and that is its *tail.*" And so, step by patient step, taking nothing for granted, he led us through the elements of the subject until, at last, we were able to jump respectable hurdles and drive a six-horse team and caisson through a figure-eight.

Anyone who has glimpsed an occasional newspaper headline during the past fifteen years may have a somewhat similar sense that his nose is being rubbed in the obvious when he dips into Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's latest book on Communism, *The War Called Peace.* We learn there, for instance, that Communism "divides the world into 'two camps': one occupying Communist territory; the other *future* Communist territory." We are told that Khrushchev's Seven Year Plan for the Soviet economy "is no normal plan for a nation's development" but on the contrary "a blueprint for economic warfare."

On page 133 we discover, with a fanfare that warrants italics in the original, that the Communist habit of rewriting history "is *a projecting into the past of Khrushchev's present foreign policy.*" All this is very true, but

> *. . . oh, my lass, the news is news that men have heard before.*

Still, for any modern Rip Van Winkle who really *needs* a review of Communism's hoary tricks and fallacies, *The War Called Peace* contains much useful material. Many of the familiar tricks are exposed anew; dozens of the ancient fallacies are exploded again. There are long chapters demonstrating Khrushchev's hypocrisy on the issues of Berlin and colonialism; there are painstaking, heavily footnoted studies of the Communist view of history, the Communist world press, and the Communist technique of "doublespeak." There is, in fact, almost everything needed to fight the cold war—except a really vigorous alternative to Communism.

AND therein resides the fundamental weakness of the Overstreets' approach to the Communist problem: their failure to recognize that Communism poses, not merely the sort of threat that a burglar poses to a suburban housewife, but a serious intellectual challenge to the substantive content of Christendom. To be sure, they make a passing reference to the allegedly exciting possibilities of "experimental pluralism"—whatever that may be—as a philosophic rival to Communism, and end their book with a ritualistic salute to "Jeffersonian democracy." But it is plain that, at bottom, they are simply not very worried about the adequacy of the free world's response to the Communist menace.

Perhaps the Overstreets would protest that their book is avowedly about the beam in Mr. Khrushchev's eye, rather than about the mote in our own; but that would still not exonerate them from the charge of laboring the obvious. Moreover, their myopia with respect to Western weaknesses has resulted in their endorsing two of Liberaldom's most dangerous follies: the cultural exchange program, and our support of a "neutral" UN. In the latter case, they actually quote with approval Dag Hammarskjold's (quite accurate) description of the UN as an "organization neutral in the big-power struggles over ideology and influence." But is it really something to be proud of—is it truly in the best interests of mankind—that this "temple of hypocrisy" (as Paul-Henri Spaak, the General Assembly's first president, recently called it) chooses to treat the deadly combat of freedom with slavery as a "big-power struggle over ideology," concerning which the UN and its Afro-Asian manipulators are to be commended for preserving neutrality?

I once had the privilege of meeting

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the Overstreets, and I respect their earnestness. But they, and their readers, should know the truth: that the lights by which Western civilization was built, and by which its heritage has been transmitted across the centuries, are flickering low in our day, very low; and they will not be rekindled by vague references to "experimental pluralism." If we forget just how important those lights are, depend upon it: they will go out. And in the centuries-long darkness that will follow, our descendants will have ample leisure to assess our tragic blunder, and to begin anew mankind's long upward journey toward his destiny.

The Cave Paintings

Go Down, Moses

PETER CRUMPET

FORTUNATE readers planning a summer visit to France or Spain are urged to equip themselves with a miner's headlamp. It would be boorish in Parisian *caves*. Nor are we promoting dreary treks dodging stalagmites. We want to suggest the quest for ice age art.

The story is widely known: twenty years ago, near Montignac, boys clambering about the roots of storm-toppled trees chanced upon the entrance shaft of a cave. They went in; stopped; gazed. Awestruck by brute phantasms leaping out of long entombment, they turned and fled. Since then, archaeologists and art lovers from all over the world have directed their steps to the cave of Lascaux and its magnificent polychromes—of bulls, wild oxen, horses and deer; of ibexes and fabulous beasts. As marvellous painting can be seen elsewhere in Dordogne, in the Pyrenees, and in the cave of Altamira, twenty miles west of Santander. Here, at Altamira, is Magdalenian work at its best, an achievement of incontestable artistry 25 life-sized animals painted on the low-hanging dome, for the most part a herd of massive bison. Their creators took every advantage of rock contours to suggest the ton-weight might of the great beasts, accentuating a hoof or a head or a pair of horns by engraving them, using colors side by side for violent contrast, or washing and scraping in places to produce delicate, intimately combined nuances. In fact, most of the devices in the contemporary workshop are to be found here, from Dufy's overlapping of form with color to the expressionism of modern sculpture.

Lascaux and Altamira are not only a heartening testament to the primordial human desire for beauty; as much as the viatica found in Stone Age graves, they testify to the caveman's metaphysical aspirations. Our ancestors were not nihilists; they were ignorant of the Pentecostal flame. In the dim recesses of their savage skulls, they sensed that the want of God was the want of man. In dripping, cold and penumbrous caverns, the torches of truth and beauty were first lit. And, as we shall see, first put out.

The itinerary we now suggest may seem wildly digressive, and discursive besides; we beg the traveler to follow us, crossing to the east coast of Spain and bearing south. The trip down the Costa Brava is scenically stimulating and historically redolent. Alicante has ruins reminiscent of Stonehenge. Málaga, an ancient Phoenician, Greek and Roman port, merits a stopover. July is a good time, for here occur Spain's most exciting *corridas*, and our interest in taurobolia will have been excited by the monstrous bulls we have seen on cave walls. Antonio Ordoñez will be fighting; as he bends the murderous beast into pirouettes of classic sobriety, we may muse how far we have come since the Ice Age; and, perhaps, how little. Forty kilometers along is the bougainvilleaed, sun-kissed hamlet of Marbella. Moorish, Visigothic and Roman monuments abound. The village of Estepona lies 24 kilometers farther south. Estepona suffers from an inferiority complex: whenever *futbolistas* from Estepona meet Marbella's Marvels, the township of Marbella greets the visiting team with hands plastered against foreheads, index and little fingers raised, to indicate horns. Only a scant few hundred years ago, Estepona was in fief to the Sultan of Marbella. His Highness, minotaur-minded, exacted a yearly tribute of some dozen of the fairest ladies from Estepona. Naturally, one doesn't forget such matters in a bare millenium or two, and so Esteponians suffer the indignity each year of being greeted with the stigma of the cuckold.

It is from Estepona that one branches west on the perilous mountain road to Ronda, a city set high upon an escarpment, from whose heights prisoners used to be lowered on a precipital shelf, there to die slowly or throw themselves on the rocks of the riverbed some thousands of feet down. The simple way to accomplish this trip is by car. There is another way.

Rrrhe-mooLOH! Which means giddap. Stopping at the store in Marbella called El Capricho, one can arrange with its proprietor, Don Adolfo Gross, for a mule packtrip. The sere, shirred mountain scenery is brutally beautiful. Below sparkles the history-tossed

Books of Interest

Midcentury, by John Dos Passos (Houghton, $5.95). A novel that shows its author, at midcentury, still in possession of his power, his brilliance, his style.

The Kohler Strike, by Sylvester Petro (Regnery, $3.00). A surgical exploratory operation on the role of the UAW and the NLRB in the Kohler strike, with some recommendations for therapy in future cases.

The Moulding of Communists, by Frank S. Meyer (Harcourt, $5.00). Analyzes how and why the Communist differs from, and is a threat to, the rest of humanity.

The Misfits, by Arthur Miller (Viking, $3.95). A blend of novel and screenplay interesting to those interested in what makes a movie work or fail to work.

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Mediterranean; but we have left behind jasmine and mimosa, marble colossus and Visigothic temple, moving deeper into time as our mules struggle up through thick mats of sage-scented *romero*, following alluvial beds higher and higher, until the cool Humboldt breezes are suddenly cut off by the flung shoulders of reddish crags. The nights are bitter. We huddle together in strange new loneliness under a low canopy of stars, closer, somehow, to one of the irrevocable facts of existence. Perhaps Don Adolfo has suggested visiting a deserted twelfth-century monastery, buried in the Sierra, where mummified monks can be lifted in one's arms to prove they weigh no more than old parchment. Bleak and desolate, we find the monastery guarded by a woman with four daughters. *"Podemos pasar la noche?"* The doors are slammed in our faces. Why, if it were known her girls had passed a night under the same roof with strange men. . . ! We while away the dark eons teeth-chattering outside those grim walls; three of us see a ghost.

With the first clap of sunrise, we are climbing again, traversing a tannenbaum forest. How did Austrian firs get here? Did some crunching glacier drag the seeds across half a continent? From the vantage of this Alpine anachronism, we see the bone-bare Sierra Blanca, unchanged product of the Ice Age. Sharply profiled, chiseled as if by stone implements out of weathered ivory tusks, it is beyond this forbidding moonscape that our objective lies.

We encamp that night in a shallow cave. Like our ancestors so many milleniums gone by, we slaughter a live animal for our food—not a reindeer, but a bleating ewe procured from a solitary goatherd, the jugular bled, the flesh stripped and dropped in the stewpot, and the carcass left for wild animals to gnaw upon.

The following day we have crossed the Sierra Blanca, skirting the emerald-and-alabaster oasis of Ronda. We ride an hour, mounting a steep and pebbly path on the side of a thistle-strewn mountain. We come upon a natural platform; fifteen yards farther up there is a small cave-opening, an iron grill barring access. This is La Pileta, the southernmost temple of Paleolithic art.

An old peasant, partner in the discovery team of 1911, offers to take us through. We pause in a vestibule for the lanterns to be lit. Then we advance, our guide, with Andalusian dignity, recounting his profoundest life experience in reverent tones, taking up a stone and demonstrating the cave-organ formed by fluted and serried pipes of hollowed limestone. They boom with clamorous primeval resonance.

These caverns are still largely unknown. We shortly suspect Brancusi was not ignorant of them. If so, his famous fish is nothing more than an infamous plagiarism. The original is here, in a central, domed vault, marvelously hued, with a nubby tail Brancusi neglected to copy in his stone representation, and a form so swift and lissome despite the chubby proportions that, in the deep-sea shroud of this dank subterranean chamber, we feel ghostly currents, marrow-moving ancestral memories. In black charcoal, or red dye, or pale lemon yellow, from earliest finger-daubing to genuine painting, from abstract inventions of oriental ingenuity to the vivid horse and antelope, ibex, rhinoceros and wild ox, high realism and stylized cerebrations, we observe once more the anomaly we are trying to trace down.

We penetrate deeper. We are taken across crystal gardens glowing with amber richness under the flickering lamps. We come against the lip of a deep well.

A slick slide of limestone, delving to the bowels. Discredited maidens, or dishonored warriors, or criminals, or enemies, were thrown down here, to vanish forever. And pondering the sight, we begin to apprehend why the long trip through the barren Spanish Levant was desirable. We think of the poor wretches dangled from the cliffs of Ronda, and our recent feast on goat flesh; the bullfight at Málaga, and the Stonehenge at Alicante; different times, and different peoples, time and peoples telescoping. And as we descend a stairway cut into the stone, we are conscious of how unscalable the water-smooth embankment is, and how hopeless the situation of those lowered to their prolonged deaths here.

We are in chambers inhabited 20,000 or more years ago. Less than fifty years ago, the skeletons of two young women were found in the bottom of this enormous well, their bones dating some 4,000 years. Members of the last occupying tribe? Earliest explorers? One skeleton has been removed to a museum in Madrid; the other fragile bare outline of life remains where it was first stumbled upon, half-calcified. On the walls surrounding we see the palm-and-finger imprints of desperate hearts, eternalized beneath a transparent film. Our Christian hearts cry out for them. Our souls lament their unrelieved despair, their horror-filled hours unlightened by so much as a ray of Grace. And we have learned now much more than our investigation into the convolutions of art promised us. Art, if it is art at all, is truth. We have come a long way in search of it, and we have discovered what it means to be human, because in our human hearts' depths we have descended from highest aspirations to the abyss of deepest ignorance; and as we rejoice in the dumb transcendental yearnings of these savage tribes long, long disappeared, so we weep for their terror. It is this empathy, rising up out of the darkness of unknown and

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—RAYMOND MOLEY, *Newsweek*

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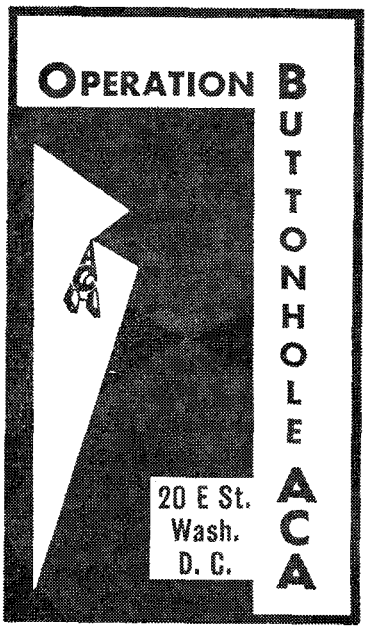

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unimaginable times, when Europe was glazed over with tons of ice, and the mastodon and mammoth reigned, and cave lions growled, and hyenas and wolves threatened, and human beings huddled fearfully in caverns, painting their hopes and dashing them to death, that reveals to us the original sin, binding past and present, that will forever plague us.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A JOURNEY TO MATECUMBE, by Robert Lewis Taylor (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). *Huck Finn* is such a mastermold of a story that there is no reason why Mark Twain's version, however grand, should be the only one to delight us—especially when someone who knows as much marrow-bone American lore as Robert Lewis Taylor decides to follow the same Mississippi trail. In this high-spirited *reprise*, Huck is called Davey, and though his dialect is tamer than the original, he tells as tall and gamey a tale as ever. It's all about how a clutch of post-Civil War mavericks escaped the Ku Klux Klan by taking to the River, and then just kept on sailing until, after 400 pages of pre-Faulknerian sound and fury, they lived happily ever after on a pineapple plantation in Florida. It may be only a *divertimento*, but it's a dilly. No astronaut should be put into orbit without it. P. MELIK

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT, by C. P. Snow (Harvard, $2.50). When a scientist who is also a novelist turns his hand to history, truth is in double jeopardy. Sir Charles Percy Snow has a point to make, and he rests his Godkin lectures on an overdramatized account of the quarrel between two British scientists: F. A. Lindemann (Lord Cherwell), scientific adviser to Winston Churchill for thirty years; and Sir Henry Tizard, chairman of Britain's Aeronautical Research Committee from 1933 to 1943. Was Churchill's intimate a foul fiend? Was Tizard the most brilliant scientist ever to work on British military problems? Had Churchill gained office in the mid-1930s, would Lindemann have stifled radar and so lost the war? Sir Charles implies these things—rather a steep drift of Snow for so late in the spring. But his point remains: it's a tough problem for governments to get good scientific advice "so long as we have nation-states." He draws some lessons from his fable: avoid the "solitary scientific overlord"; avoid gadgeteers; avoid secrecy (an unnecessary injunction from the land of Klaus Fuchs); create a "model" of the future; lace the government bureaus with scientists. But Sir Charles ignores the final question: *Who* will choose the scientists? "Science" is one word but not one entity. Scientists quarrel among themselves; they have their private allegiances. Sir Charles should tell us if there is a difference between Linus Pauling and Arthur Compton in their ability to serve their country. He should tell us the criteria by which a non-scientific executive may choose its scientific advisers. He should tell us whether the government has as much right to choose its experts as Harvard does to choose its lecturers.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE WHITE NILE, by Alan Moorehead (Harper, $5.95). With the search for the source of the Nile in the nineteenth century began the exploration and development of the unmapped regions of Central Africa. Modern medicine, transportation and communication make it hard to realize how disease, climate and desertion by native porters could reduce the most impressively equipped expedition to utter helplessness. Adventure, missionary zeal, commercial interest and political ambition drew individuals and eventually nations to this region, whose inhabitants first assisted traders and explorers but later fought Europeans bent on seizing the White Man's Burden. One survivor alone remains from this fascinating era—Winston Churchill, who accompanied Kitchener in 1898 to victory at Omdurman where "Chinese" Gordon was at last avenged. Fiction is hard pressed to match the tumultuous drama that fills Mr. Moorehead's pages. B. DOLLIVER

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To the Editor

Space Thoughts

Commander Alan Shepard's voyage into space engaged the wonder and admiration of the entire world and, one would think, of the Russians in particular, whose celebrated hoax of April 12 has fairly well exploded.

Still, it is a pity that sponsorship by the national government and the participation of thousands of technician-specialists combined to drain all the fun out of the American project. One thinks back to Jules Verne's decorous astronauts and—even better—to Edgar Allan Poe's Hans Pfall, who sailed to the moon in a balloon. Space travelers of that day went much farther than ours go, and their adventures were more real.

That is the way to do it, surely, and if we haven't any bearded gentlemen with frock coats and canes able to fly to the moon in their own balloons, then let's wait till we catch up at least with the nineteenth century.

Baltimore, Md. J. D. FUTCH

It would not surprise me in the least if Cosmonaut Gagarin received his training at the Stanislavski school. We are asked to believe that a man has returned from a complete conspectus of the globe at a height of 140 miles or whatever, without having taken any photographs. From which I conclude either 1) that Russian cameras have not been carried to the perfection of Russian rockets, or 2) that the labs where the moon shots were processed considered earth photos far too risky to fake, too much data about cloud cover being in American but not in Russian hands (*if* the batteries on our cloud cover gadget haven't gone dead; I'm not sure and maybe the Russians aren't either.)

Somebody should arrange to have this question sprung at JFK's next press conference. Until I see a color photo of the U.S. side of the globe, with certification that its cloud masses correspond with known U.S. weather data, I'm just going to be paradogmatic about this.

Responsus est, but the shot took place during Russian daylight, since Gaga reported discerning the contours of the collective farms. Therefore the U.S. side was in darkness. To which I reply, and was that the reason why it was arranged for Comrade Gaga to stay aloft for only *one* orbit of 90 minutes or so? To give a plausible reason for *not* presenting the Yankee Imperialists with a People's Photo of their homeland? Now let us suppose that ultimately a shot of a hunk of USSR is released. Why the delay? Well, note that unlike the moon photo, the earth photos could not be faked after the alleged *tour de monde,* since they would have to reflect meteorological conditions observed at x-hour, on the off chance that such conditions, even over Russia, were also known to the U.S.

Hand the above to your Space Man and see if it starts a train of thought; unless he has anticipated me, as is quite likely. Anyhow, very odd that no press account seen by me has even mentioned the existence or nonexistence of photos. You'd think it'd be the first thought to pop into Mr. Luce's head. I await with some eagerness the Lucetreatment.

Goleta, Cal. HUGH KENNER

General Walker

We, General Walker's mother and brother, thank you sincerely for your firm support of him and of his program to build morale [May 6].

The purposes and accomplishments of his program should be compared with those of the *Overseas Weekly.* Then they should be judged in terms of ultimate benefit to this country.

On May 6 he wrote: "It's a fight—and for our country, I never quit one. This one is easy, compared to some—seeing the boys die."

Center Point, Tex. GEORGE P. WALKER JR.

The removal of Major General Edwin A. Walker brings to light a curious comparison. Fifteen or so years ago, a group, described by David Sentner [of the *New York World-Telegram*] as the "Communist element in the War Department," tried to force down the throats of American soldiers as part of the Army orientation course, the notorious "Fact Sheets"

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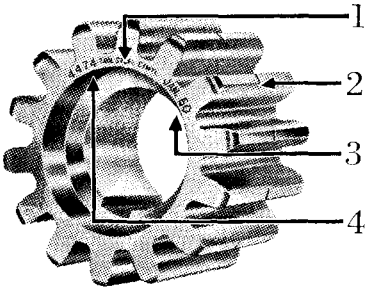

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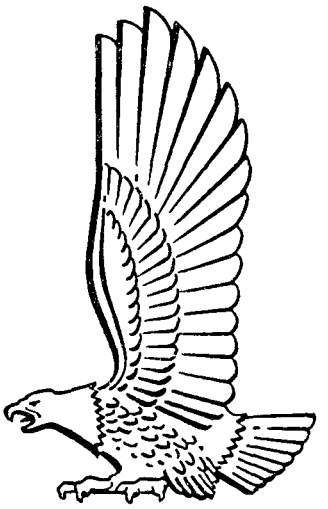
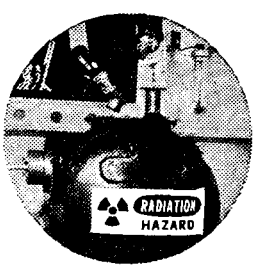


. . . Government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way.

—Henry David Thoreau in "Civil Disobedience"

The words of the Yankee political philosopher echo truer today than a century ago when they were written. Government produces nothing; government creates nothing. The engine of big government spending programs cannot be set in motion until it's fueled with what it has *first taken away* from each individual citizen.

The dignity of the individual and his freedom of enterprise must be upheld at every level—governmental, scholastic, business. *The philosophy we try to practice in our Company is to encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment.*



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Nos. 37, 38 and 64. These pro-Communist . . . "Fact Sheets" were described by Mr. Sentner as "Red Poison . . . filled with propaganda, favorable to Communism and military dictatorship." To the best of the writer's knowledge, no one was ever rebuked, removed, or censored.

Forest Hills, N.Y. JAMES A. MCFARLAND

Educationist Mythology

Apropos Russell Kirk's piece on local tax support for schools ["Should School Finance be Centralized?" May 6], it would appear that many popular general concepts about school finance and tax support actually belong in the realm of mythology.

Myth number one is that school enrollment at the elementary and high school levels has increased more rapidly than school revenues. The fact is that in one of our large city school systems, operating fund revenue in 10 years increased 125 per cent while enrollment rose 25 per cent. In other words, for every 100 pupils in 1951 that school system has 125 in 1961, while for every $100 available in the operating fund in 1951, the schools have $225 in 1961.

Myth number two is that price increase or inflation has wiped out the additional dollars devoted to school support. The truth of the matter is that after adjusting operating fund revenue by appropriate cost indices to constant dollars, the schools in this city are receiving $200,445,761 compared to $101,984,627 in equivalent purchasing power in 1951. This amounts to 97 per cent more of the same-value dollars than it had in 1951.

Research studies made in recent years indicate that this is more or less a national pattern and emphasize that there is no need for federal aid to schools.

La Grange Park, Ill. WILLIAM J. MCGLONE

Perplexed

James Burnham's article on the Philippines [May 22] was the first accurate and meaningful report on that Republic I have read since I came to the United States. And I have been here seven years.

I understand that both the Philippines and Thailand had offered to send troops to Laos. It is too late for that now, but why did your President not accept their offer? I have brooded on this question a long

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while, but have not come up with any answers that would not constitute an insult to both the sanity and intelligence of your government. . . .

Can you enlighten the citizen of a Republic who would like nothing better than to fight for the United States, and yet is rebuffed? We are apparently willing to fight—why is the United States not? Even more: why is the United States not willing to have us fight for her?

South Bend, Ind. PAUL STANGE

Colonialism in America

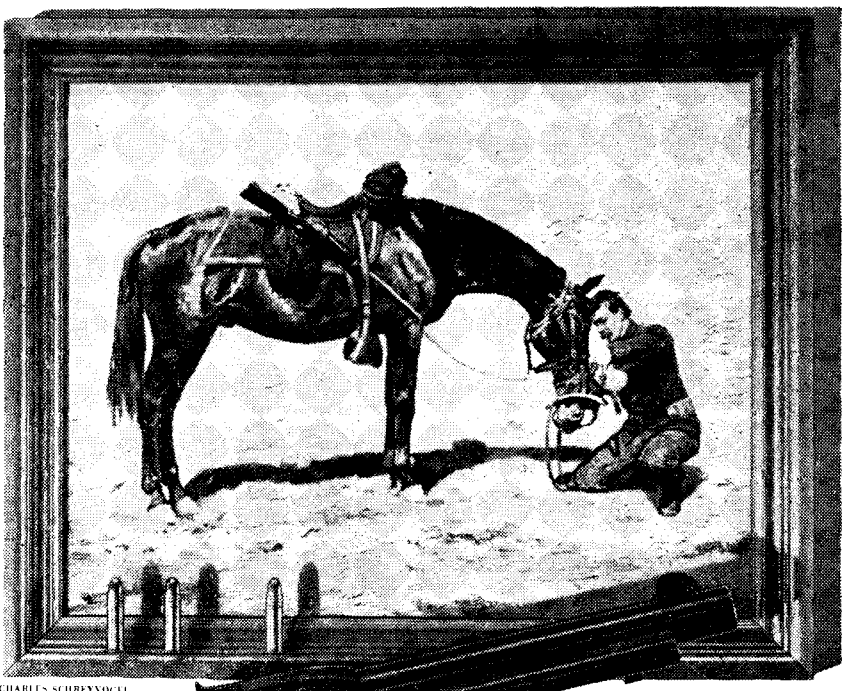
If you think about it for a few moments it is obvious that the ordinary patriotic American has been thoroughly brainwashed since birth about the origin of his country. Because of this educational defect he is completely incapable of understanding the so-called "colonial situation" in Africa.

We might gain needed perspective by considering that if an American Indian wrote a history of the settlement of the United States he would relate a horrible, repugnant story of a 400-year oppression of a native people that is unmatched in brutality even by Adolf Hitler's Third Reich. To this historian our "American Revolution" would be an unimportant squabble among colonists (much as today's rift between the whites of South Africa and the British). *His* people would be the truly "oppressed people" of America.

He would write of the expansionist policy of the United States as one of systematic extermination, uprooting and resettlement of peoples, the establishment of reservations (perhaps he might call them concentration camps in today's idiom) and deliberate starvation. He would tell of promises and treaties made and broken willy-nilly even down to the present day. He would give examples of the suppression of culture and inequality before the courts. He would speak of distant territories absorbed into the United States, not for the benefit of the natives but for exploitation by the colonists.

Unfortunately this history will not be written, so we as a nation may conveniently act as if it never happened. The very fact of our thoroughness in exterminating these people—oblitering whole races from the face of the earth—makes us secure that their ghosts cannot rise to haunt us.

When Adlai Stevenson voted in


CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL

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MANY THANKS TO ALL MY GOOD CLIENTS, many of them now my friends, for their response to the series of advertisements I have been running in NATIONAL REVIEW. I am now off for a six-week vacation. If you have been thinking of buying or renting up here in beautiful Litchfield County, Conn., write me your requirements. On my return, the middle of June, I will send you all the information you may wish on my fine listings: Farms, estates, acreage, village houses and vacation spots. M. L. Burnham, Kent, Conn. WAlker 7-3117.

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the United Nations to investigate Portugal's Angola, I was struck with these ironic thoughts. Who have fared better under colonial rule—the Negro natives of Angola or the American Indian natives of the United States? How would Mr. Stevenson vote on a UN measure to investigate our treatment of the Indian in Alaska?

Houston, Tex. EDWARD J. LEBEAU, JR.

Oath for Moderns

Our Oath of Allegiance, so dutifully recited in the classrooms of the nation, strikes me as hopelessly out-of-date. It teems with reactionary and unscientific connotations. For example, there is blatant nationalism in such words as "flag" and "nation." (As every advanced thinker knows, we don't live in a nation but a "culture.")

In my amended version, you will note that I have not only eliminated such controversial terms as United States and God, but I have carefully avoided such semantically dangerous constructions as "pledge" and "allegiance." Obviously, these are abstract terms easily twisted to the purposes of some right-wing conspirator. A truly progressive thinker does not arbitrarily "pledge" himself to anything without due allowance for alternatives: nor does he have any truck with "allegiance" which suggests super-nationalism and a hateful disregard for divergent points of view.

The Objective Oath

"I think, perhaps, I endorse
in essence the symbol of
our present culture and the
democratic planning for which
it stands, one integrated society,
under United Nations,
with security and free education
for all."

Admittedly, this lacks the poetic flow of the original but what could the NEA expect—poetry and *science too?*

Mundelein, Ill. ALBERT B. DAHLQUIST

Relieved

It is certainly a relief to note that President Kennedy has called for a new code of ethics in government. Not long ago I heard of a case where a prominent member of the Administration had his brother, brother-in-law, and college roommate appointed to the public payroll!

San Marino, Cal. TIM TERRY

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THE IVORY TOWER

(Continued from p. 348)

for the Harvard student body. The National Students Association — which by the way why doesn't somebody burn it down? (to borrow Willmoore Kendall's sentiments on Arden House) — is always strutting about claiming to speak for one million three hundred thousand eight hundred and seventy-two American students on six million campuses, or however it goes; and Harvard remains composed through it all. In other words, all sorts of things and people have been getting away for years with the kind of thing Phillips is now being catechized about. But as I started out to say, Phillips can take care of himself.

What is behind it? "It is hard to believe," a *Crimson* writer reported candidly, "that anyone would find fault with these statements if Phillips' attitude were more attuned to the general opinion of the undergraduate body." Yet a tough conservatism is coming up out of the loins of America, and there is no way to make Harvard absolutely safe from it. What will ensue is very simply the inevitable pains of parturition, a readjustment of social relations, essentially: for it is by social means, primarily, that in the academic world one accepts, or rejects. There lies ahead of politically-minded American students this summer a considerable brawl involving the future of the National Students Association at Madison, Wisconsin. In it, Phillips will figure conspicuously; and what do you know, among the leaders of the movement at Harvard to discredit him are students who will be firing at him from across the aisle at Madison. It would be nice, wouldn't it, if the conservative faction headed by the President of the Harvard Student Council prevailed?

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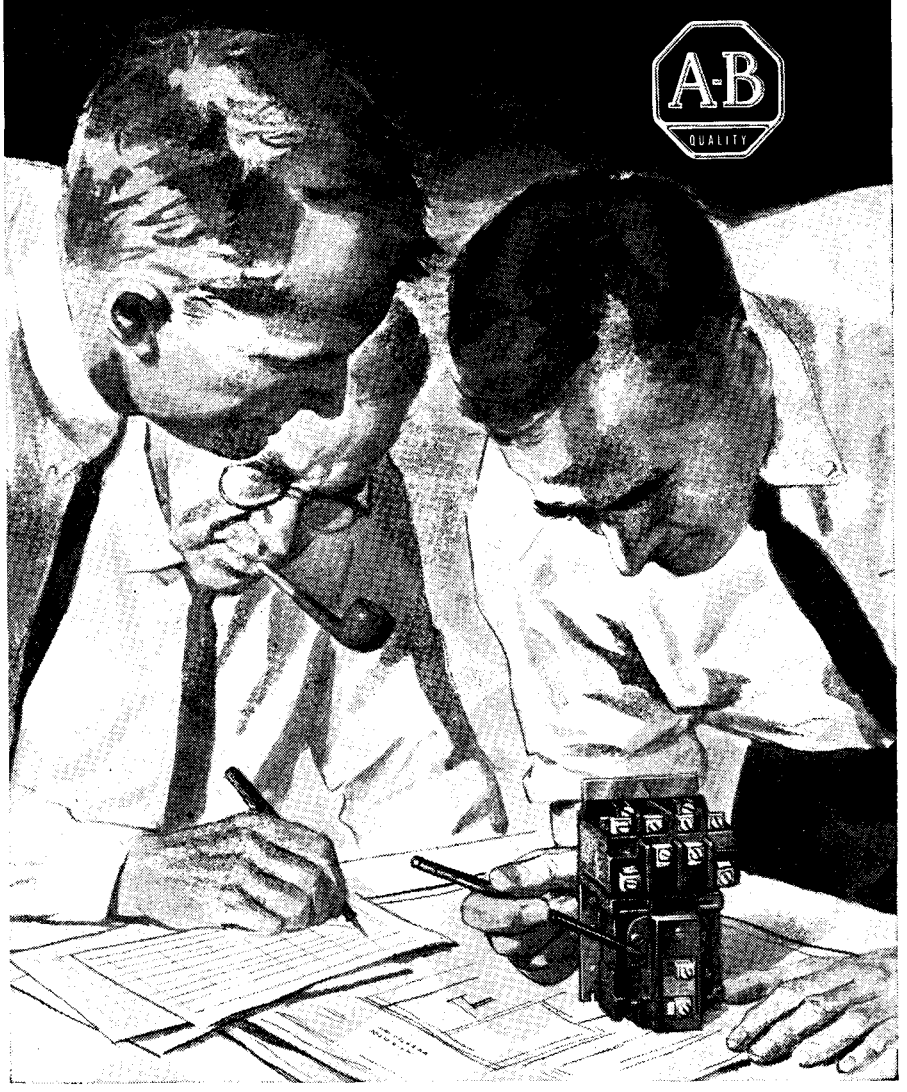

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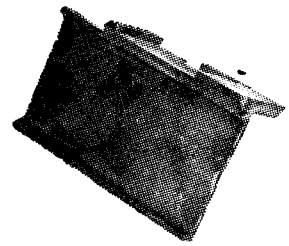

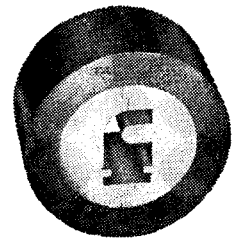

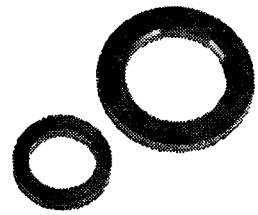

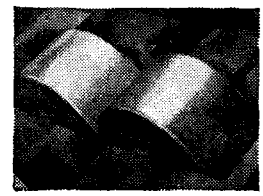

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